

# Newport Mercury

VOLUME CLVIII.—NO. 31. NEWPORT, R. I., JANUARY 22, 1916. WHOLE NUMBER 8,795.

## The Mercury.

—PUBLISHED BY—  
THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.  
JOHN P. SANBORN, Editors.  
A. H. SANBORN, Jr.

121 THAMES STREET  
NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1870, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, with less than half a dozen exceptions. The oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns, filled with interesting reading—literary, historical and general news, well selected, intelligently and valuably furnished and intelligently digested. It is a valuable source of information in this and other states. The limited space given to local news is very valuable to the community.

TERMS: \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies for sale. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city. Merchants' copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publisher.

## Local Matters.

The weather predictions in the MERCURY Almanac for the past week have been really amazing by their accuracy. The cold spell of the first part of the week, followed by the thaw of Friday, were both predicted to the exact day.

### A Spell of Winter.

Some real winter weather has been experienced in Newport during the past week, although we have escaped the severity that has been encountered in parts of the West with record breaking low temperatures. Last Saturday was a cold day, with temperatures only a little above zero. Sunday warmed up a bit, but Monday turned cold again, and thermometers again registered low marks, although the zero mark has not yet been reached. Since then a clear steady cold has prevailed, with no very low temperatures, but cold enough to make the ice form steadily. A thaw is apparently at hand which may break up the ice.

The skating on the various ponds has been excellent, and many persons have taken advantage of the glorious moonlight nights to enjoy this winter pastime. Ice cutting has been begun in a small way, mostly by confectioners and farmers for their own consumption. However, another cold spell would soon make good ice such as would warrant cutting by the larger companies for the general trade.

Last winter there was no ice harvested in Newport by the large companies. A small portion of a crop was gathered by the smaller concerns, but not enough for their own use through the summer. Two years ago, there was more than ice enough to supply all the companies, an unusually severe winter making the crop very plentiful.

It makes little difference to the consumer, or to the companies, whether ice is harvested in Newport or not. Ice can be brought here from Massachusetts ponds about as cheaply as it can be cut and hauled here, on account of better facilities for transportation in other places. But it makes considerable difference to Newport laborers if a good crop is gathered here. Although there is much demand now for skilled mechanics in this city, there are many unskilled laborers who are out of work, and they would be very glad of the chance to pick up the cash that would be distributed if a few weeks of ice cutting here could be had. One of the ice companies has sent a few Newport men to one of its Massachusetts ponds to gather the crop there, which will help some. As the principal expense of gathering ice is in the labor cost, it makes quite a difference to a community whether the money is distributed locally or is sent out of town.

The grip is on its annual rampage in Newport, and many persons are suffering from attacks of this disease. As yet there have been no deaths directly attributable to this epidemic, and the conditions here are not as bad as they have been reported to be in other places nearby. However, there are already many cases here, and the probabilities are that there will be more before there are less. In Providence, Boston, New York and other places the grip has made terrible ravages, hundreds of deaths being reported from grip and allied diseases such as pneumonia. The open winter and the frequent changes of temperature have been responsible for a great deal of sickness throughout the whole country.

Mayor Patrick J. Boyle is confined to his home on Mary street by illness. He has been suffering from neuritis for some time and that has recently increased in intensity so that he suffers greatly.

Chief Paymaster's Clerk Edward F. Delaney has been ordered to sea duty on board the Maine, after having been attached to the Naval Training Station here for more than thirty years.

### Board of Aldermen.

The weekly session of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening was quite a busy one. Mayor Boyle was confined to his home by illness, and as no permanent president of the board had been elected, Alderman John E. Ledy was chosen president pro tem. Many petitions for repairs and improvements of various kinds were referred to the committee of 25. Plumbers' licenses were granted to a number of applicants. Bids were opened for various supplies, and the contract for furnishing crushed stone was awarded to J. J. Dugan, for paying gravel to J. K. Sullivan, and for bonding city officers to Thomas J. O'Neill. Bids for fire department supplies were referred to the committee on fire department without opening, and the Chief was directed to purchase from the lowest bidders. Much routine business was transacted. Women's Auxiliary Y. M. C. A.

Work on the John Clarke school is progressing steadily, the plasterers making good headway. They are now at work on the second floor and it will not be long before they have finished their part of the contract. Some of the window lights are set, which gives quite a different appearance to the building, although the small panes of glass are not entirely pleasing.

Three blows came in on the fire alarm Wednesday afternoon, due to some defect in the circuit, and much of the apparatus rushed to the old City Hall. There is no indication of a fire could be found, and after hanging around the box for a few minutes the machines were sent back to their houses. Quite a crowd was collected on the Square.

It is reported that Mr. and Mrs. George Brooke of Philadelphia are contemplating the purchase of a Newport residence. Mrs. Brooke was formerly Mrs. William E. Carter, and spent many seasons here at Mr. Carter's residence on Narragansett avenue. Last year Mr. and Mrs. Brooke occupied the Morrell cottage on Ochre Point.

Miss Sarah A. Peckham, daughter of Alderman Peckham, Miss Laura T. Scott, daughter of Mr. William C. Scott, and Miss Fannie E. Jordan returned Thursday morning from a two weeks trip to New York, Philadelphia, Washington and places in Maryland and Virginia. They report a delightful trip.

Large subscriptions are coming in toward the payment of the purchase price of the John N. A. Griswold estate recently purchased by the Newport Art Association. Mrs. Elliott is in New York to interview a number of the wealthy summer residents in regard to subscribing for this purpose.

Mrs. Elizabeth McGowan McLane, mother of Mrs. Joseph Harriman of this city, died at her home in Baltimore this week after a short illness. She was the widow of Charles McLane, and was well known in society circles in New York and Newport.

Many of the Newport delegation to the General Assembly watched the fire in the Butler Exchange in Providence on Wednesday. The second alarm was sounded just as the 1.10 train for Newport was about to pull out of the station.

The building of the Union Wine Company in Tiverton was destroyed by fire Tuesday evening. All that is left standing is one chimney, the wooden building being destroyed so that not a fragment of wood remains.

The partial eclipse of the moon Thursday morning attracted little attention in Newport, principally because of the necessity for getting up in the middle of the night to see it.

The sub-committees of the committee of twenty-five are having serious work trying to keep the wants of their various departments within the means at their disposal.

During the absence of Rev. John B. Diman, headmaster at St. George's School, who is still confined to his bed in a Chicago Hospital following an operation for appendicitis, Mr. Stephen P. Cabot is in charge of the school.

Mr. George W. Bacheller, Jr., is confined to his home by a severe attack of the grip.

### Board of Trade.

At the meeting of the board of trade on Wednesday evening, steps were taken to install a credit system in Newport by an out of town concern, working under the auspices of the board. Undaunted by the somewhat disastrous results that followed a previous movement along somewhat similar lines, a number of members pledged their support to the movement.

A number of other matters out of the ordinary were disposed of at the same meeting, including the appointment of a committee to co-operate with the board of aldermen to secure a reduction of insurance rates. This committee consists of John Mahan, James T. O'Connell, and T. Jefferson Biesel. A committee was also appointed to consider the advisability of a wider celebration of Washington's Birthday, this committee consisting of James T. O'Connell, Jacob A. Jacobs, John Mahan, Robert S. Burlingame, and John P. Lantz. The board endorsed the effort of the Providence Chamber of Commerce to have Providence made a port of call for trans-Atlantic liners, under the federal law.

### Recent Deaths.

Miss Elizabeth W. Irish.

Miss Elizabeth W. Irish, who died in New Bedford this week in her seventy-fifth year, was a member of a well known Newport family, and the greater part of her life was spent here. Her father was the late Ephraim B. Irish, who was a well known dealer in herbs for many years. His store at the corner of Thames and Marlborough streets was long a landmark of the city, and his name was a household word. In addition to his sale of old fashioned herbs for medicinal purposes, he manufactured and sold a famous root beer, non-alcoholic in its nature, and which for a long time was in great popular demand.

Ephraim Irish died some thirty years ago, and since that time Miss Irish had made her home in New Bedford. She went there to live with the family of the late Alfred Wilson, a Newport man who was for many years Postmaster of New Bedford. He married a sister of Miss Irish for his first wife and after her death married another sister, but both have been dead for a number of years.

The old steamers Pilgrim and Puritan, long remembered by travellers over the Fall River Line to New York, have been sold to the Scott Wrecking Company, and will probably be broken up for junk. It has been understood for some time that the Company was ready to dispose of these steamers as they were hardly worth the cost of the complete rebuilding that would be necessary to bring them up to the standard of the Company at the present time. Neither of them are very old vessels, the Pilgrim having been placed in commission in June, 1883, and the Puritan six years later.

There was an alarm of fire from Box 21 Wednesday noon for a slight fire in the Atkinson house on Broadway and Caleb Earle street, caused by thawing out water pipes. There was considerable smoke coming from the house and for a time it looked as though a serious fire might be in progress. The department responded promptly to the alarm, and a chemical stream was sufficient to quell the ardor of the flames.

An enthusiastic membership campaign is under way at the local Y. M. C. A., in an endeavor to secure 100 new members by the night of January 28. A number of teams have been arranged among the business men and senior members and all are working with a will to attain the desired object.

Mr. William M. Edson died at his home in the Travers block on Bellevue avenue on Wednesday, after an illness of several weeks. He was a well known caterer, who had made his home in Newport for over thirty years. He is survived by a widow, two daughters, and a step-son.

Some local coal dealers are threatened with a genuine famine of coal unless supplies are received within a comparatively few days. Plenty of coal is awaiting shipment to them, but the difficulty of obtaining water transportation is a cause of much delay.

The tribute to Dr. Brackett by his associates throughout New England was a well merited one, and handsomely expressed the sentiments of his friends and neighbors in this city.

Mrs. Caroline Cheever Pell, widow of Colonel Duncan Archibald Pell, a former resident of Newport, died at her home in Florence, Italy, this week. She had made her home abroad for a great many years.

The Mayor and board of aldermen did the handsome thing when they decided not to elect a president of the board while Alderman Hanley was ill.

### School Committee.

Chairman Henry C. Stevens of the school committee has announced the appointment of the standing and sub-committees of the board as follows:

Standing Committees.  
Finance—Messrs. Cozzens, Congdon, Harvey.  
Teachers—Messrs. Porter, Darrah, Stevens.  
Text-books and Curriculum—Miss Hunter, Messrs. Covell, Barker.  
Buildings and Janitors—Messrs. Bacheller, Congdon, Sherman.  
Fuel and Supplies—Messrs. Harvey, Sherman, Clarke.  
Military Drill—Messrs. Darrah, Cozzens, Porter.  
Evening Schools—Messrs. Covell, Bacheller, Clarke.

Sub-Committees.  
Rogers—Messrs. Porter, Covell, Darrah.  
Townsend—Miss Hunter, Messrs. Darrah, Congdon.  
Callender—Dr. Barker, Miss Hunter, Dr. Porter.  
Calvert—Messrs. Cozzens, Harvey, Sherman.  
Carey—Messrs. Porter, Congdon, Clarke.  
Clark—Messrs. Cozzens, Covell, Bacheller.  
Coddington—Messrs. Bacheller, Darrah, Sherman.  
Coggeshall—Messrs. Harvey, Bacheller, Cozzens.  
Cranston—Messrs. Darrah, Barker, Sherman.  
Lenthall—Messrs. Congdon, Porter, Clarke.  
Mumford—Mr. Covell, Miss Hunter, Dr. Barker.  
Parish—Messrs. Covell, Cozzens, Harvey.  
Potter—Miss Hunter, Messrs. Sherman, Clarke.  
Thayer—Messrs. Congdon, Harvey, Clarke.

### Thames Street M. E. Church.

At the Fourth Quarterly Conference of the Thames Street M. E. Church held on Tuesday evening, District Superintendent J. Francis Cooper presiding, it was unanimously voted to request the return of Rev. Marvin S. Stocking as pastor for another year.

The following officers were elected: Trustees—H. H. Barker, H. A. Titus, H. P. Norton, W. J. T. Northup, E. R. Langworthy, J. G. Albro, W. W. Taylor, George E. Bailey, Charles H. Stoddard.

Stewards—Thomas S. Bowler, Charles S. Giddard, Harry Martland, Alexander Jennings, Charles D. Martin, H. C. Kaul, J. B. Mason, C. H. Seattle, Fred England, Seth Swinburne, S. H. Bance, F. A. Manuel, Gardner Ferrent, S. J. Crawford, Mrs. Charles Biesel, Mrs. George E. Bailey, G. G. Howie, J. B. Bacheller, Edward Stokham, Randall Atwater, George A. Peckham.  
Recording Steward (Treasurer)—Charles H. Seattle.  
Assistant Recording Steward—Miss Zeffie C. Sisson.  
District Steward—J. B. Bacheller.  
Delegates to Laymen's Association—J. B. Bacheller, H. A. Titus; alternates—George E. Bailey, Frow B. Garnett.

Among a number of conditional pardons sent to the Senate by Governor Beekman on Thursday was that of Lawrence Finn of this city, whose sentence would expire next April. These conditional pardons are given on recommendation of the recently created board of parole. They will have to be confirmed by the Senate before becoming effective.

There was a joint installation of the officers of Charles M. Thomas Camp, United Spanish War Veterans, and of Ruth Thomas Auxiliary, on Thursday evening. There was a large attendance including many members of Lawton-Warren Post, G. A. R., and of the Women's Auxiliary.

Hon. Courtenay Guild of Massachusetts was the speaker before the Channing Club at its meeting, on Monday evening, his subject being "Confessions of a Politician." Dr. E. V. Murphy of this city will be the speaker at the February meeting of the club.

The annual ball of Newport Lodge, No. 104, B. P. O. Elks, was held at Masonic Hall on Monday evening with a large attendance. The decorations of the hall were very striking and called forth much enthusiastic comment.

The annual convocation of St. Paul's Lodge, No. 14, F. & A. M., will be held next Tuesday evening. For the past few years St. Paul's Lodge has made the largest percentage of gain in membership of any Lodge in the State.

On account of the expansion of business in the northern part of the city the Providence Telephone Company is engaged in running a new cable from the telephone exchange to the corner of Broadway and Spring street.

Mr. Nathan Mott, proprietor of the Adrian House at Block Island, and one of the best known hotel men on the island, is critically ill at his home there. It is believed that he can live but a short time.

The outlook for next season at this early date is the best ever. Newport unless all signs fail will have a banner season in 1916.

It is the time of year to start the new hotel talk. Why this silence. In ordinary years it began with the cold weather.

### First M. E. Church.

The fourth quarterly conference of the First Methodist Episcopal Church was held on Monday evening, when it was unanimously voted to request the return of Rev. William I. Ward as pastor for another year. Rev. J. Francis Cooper, district superintendent, presided, and the following officers were elected:

Trustees—J. W. Horton, J. P. Peckham, E. O. Riggs, T. T. Pitman, K. C. Bacheller, J. A. Hazard, R. S. Burlingame, T. Fred Kaul, Ralph F. Rhodes. Stewards—B. F. Thurston, H. C. Bacheller, G. H. Young, L. J. Norton, Frederick Weir, E. O. Andrews, George B. Popple, John P. Peckham, W. B. Arnold, John Thompson, C. H. Taber, John A. Young, Marion S. Olivea, George M. Simpson, Clarence Stanhope, A. W. Chase, Arnold H. James, William Loftus, James Simpson, Montague Howatt, Geoffrey King.

Recording Steward (Treasurer)—John P. Peckham.  
Assistant Treasurer—Edward O. Riggs.  
Clerk—Miss C. Christine Lester.  
District Steward—H. C. Bacheller; alternates, B. F. Thurston.

Delegates to Laymen's Association—B. F. Thurston, T. Fred Kaul, reserves, Frederick Weir, R. C. Bacheller.

There was an alarm from box 5, at Brown & Howard's wharf and Thames street, early Friday morning, for a fire in the saloon of William H. Finn at the foot of South Baptist street. The fire was largely in the cellar and under the bar, and the damage was comparatively slight as the flames were discovered early.

Miss Margaret Weaver, Miss Rita Higbee, Mrs. James R. Crowley, and Mrs. Frank Merrill won the prizes at the auction bridge given under the auspices of William Ellery Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, at the residence of Mrs. Alexander J. Fludder Thursday afternoon. There were twelve tables engaged.

The police have found their first week in their new police station a rather quiet one. A few drunks and lodgers have been accommodated. Some of the floors are being treated to a coat of shellac to make them easier to keep clean.

There were 365 deaths in Newport during 1915 as against 333 in 1914. The largest number of deaths in any month last year was in October when there were 38 deaths. The death rate for the year was 10.25 per 1000 of population.

Miss Grace M. Roraback, field secretary for young people of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, will speak in the two Methodist churches in this city on Sunday in the interests of home missions.

### MIDDLETOWN.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

The regular monthly meeting of the Town Council and Court of Probate was held at the Town Hall on Monday afternoon, January 17. Owing to the intense cold the attendance was unusually small. All the members of the Council were present but the Town Sergeant was detained by illness.

In Court of Probate the petition of Perpetua Almeida to appoint Antonio R. Mideiros Administrator on the estate of her husband Francisco M. Almeida was referred to the third Monday of February and notice ordered thereon.

In Town Council Joseph G. Moitoxa presented a claim against the dog fund for damages done to a flock of geese amounting to \$5.10 which was ordered paid therefrom.

The following accounts were allowed and ordered paid from the town treasury.  
Peckham Brothers Company for crushed stone furnished Road District No. 3 \$236.03; Charles H. Sisson for work in repairing bridges near the Hanging Rocks \$14.50; Arthur G. Sisson for carting material \$7.56; Joe Albro for building wall at the junction of Aquinck avenue and Prospect avenue \$14.60; Julian F. Peckham highway repairs \$18.00; MacKenzie & Winslow, cement \$1.30; A. & H. G. Hammett Company, cement and nails \$3.40. Total \$300.59.

William L. Brown, services as Moderator and member of Public School Committee, \$56.40; William J. Peckham, services as Town Auditor, \$3.00; Arthur A. Brigham, services as Janitor, \$3.60; Jeannette Goffe, clerical assistance in office of Town Clerk, four weeks \$40.00; T. T. Pitman Corporation advertising ordinance establishing rules governing the operation of electric cars, \$30.25; Mercury Publishing Company, printing the same ordinance in form for posting, \$7.50; Edward S. Peckham, coal for heating office of Town Clerk, \$26.58; Providence Telephone Company, use of three telephones, \$6.63; Bay State Street Railway Company, electric light at Town Hall, \$2.28; accounts for the relief of the Poor, \$28.00. Total \$501.73.

Monday evening the Aquinck Dairyman's Association held a postponed meeting, the time being devoted to discussion. Fertilizers are now so high there is considerable opposition to purchasing in quantity. A second lot of grain has been ordered although the last quantity has not yet reached the Association, freights being much delayed.

### PORTSMOUTH.

[From our regular Correspondent.]

#### OAKLAND LODGE OFFICERS.

Oakland Lodge, I. O. O. F., held its annual election and installation of officers at Oakland Hall on Friday evening. The installing officers were as follows: District Deputy Grand Master Eben Raynor; Grand Warden, John Spooner; Grand Recording Secretary, George S. Stoddard; Grand Financial Secretary, Charles F. Wetherell; Grand Treasurer, Alfred M. West; Grand Chaplain, Robert Patterson; Grand Inside Guardian, Harry Vickers; Grand Herald, Gordon MacDonald.

The following were installed as officers of Oakland Lodge:  
Noble Grand—Charles A. Holman.  
Vice Grand—Otto Erhardt.  
Recording Secretary—Emerson A. Bishop.  
Financial Secretary—Richmond A. Bishop.  
Treasurer—Albert S. Walker.  
Conductor—George A. Brown.  
Warden—Gordon MacDonald.  
Chaplain—Rowland S. Chase.  
Right Scene Supporter—John H. Spooner.  
Left Scene Supporter—Robert H. Manchester.

Right Supporter to Noble Grand—James C. Kyle.  
Left Supporter to Noble Grand—Henry Scheller.  
Right Supporter to Vice Grand—Richard M. Stuart.  
Left Supporter to Vice Grand—M. Horace Peckham.

Miss Kate L. Durfee is visiting Mrs. Horace E. Remington of Providence.

#### CHURCH ELECTIONS.

The Fourth Quarterly Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church was held at the church on Saturday evening with Rev. J. Francis Cooper, district superintendent in charge of the meeting. The reports of the several officers were read. The pastor Rev. John Wadsworth, requested that a change of pastors be made. Rev. Mr. Wadsworth has served here for six years, this being the longest term of any pastor in the history of the church. The following officers and committees were appointed for the ensuing year:

Board of Stewards—Rowland S. Chase, Sylvanus P. Fish, Henry Hedy, Charles B. Ashley, Charles H. Borden, H. Chester Hedy, Thomas Fuller, Benjamin Pierce, David P. Hedy, Sydney T. Hedy, George A. Faulkner, Ernest Cross, Henry Mosher.  
Recording Steward—Charles B. Ashley.

District Steward—Sylvanus P. Fish.  
Trustees—Rowland S. Chase, Sylvanus P. Fish, H. Chester Hedy, Henry Hedy, Charles H. Borden, Charles B. Ashley, Joseph Cross.

Board of Foreign Missions—The Pastor, Charles H. Borden, H. Chester Hedy, Mrs. Charles H. Borden, Mrs. Robert M. Wyatt, Mrs. Emeline Wilcox, Miss Kate L. Durfee.  
Education—The Pastor, Charles H. Borden, Mrs. Rowland S. Chase, H. Chester Hedy, and Charles B. Ashley.  
Church Extension and Home Missions—Rowland S. Chase, H. Chester Hedy, Charles B. Ashley.

Freeman's Aid—The Pastor, Charles H. Ashley, and S. P. Fish.  
Sunday School—H. Chester Hedy, David P. Hedy, Mrs. Emeline Wilcox, Mrs. Albert E. Sherman.

Tracts—The Pastor, Charles H. Borden, Mrs. Gordon MacDonald.  
Bible Society—Sylvanus P. Fish, Mrs. Sidney T. Hedy.

Estimating Committee—Henry Hedy, Rowland S. Chase, Sylvanus P. Fish.  
Church Records—Robert M. Wyatt, Rowland S. Chase, Charles H. Borden.

Pargason and Furniture—Mrs. Emeline Wilcox, Mrs. Charles H. Borden, Mrs. William Spooner.

Music—Charles B. Ashley, H. Chester Hedy, Miss Kate L. Durfee, Mrs. William F. Brayton, and Mrs. Frederick A. Lawton.

Flowers—Mrs. Rowland S. Chase, Mrs. Charles H. Borden, Mrs. Abbie Manchester.

Auditing—Charles H. Borden, David P. Hedy, Sylvanus P. Fish.

Hospitality—Mrs. Charles B. Ashley, Mrs. Ralph Freeborn.

Committee for the examination of local preachers—Robert M. Wyatt and Henry Hedy.

MRS. CLARA Z. DENNIS.  
The funeral of Mrs. E. Dennis, widow of Joseph Dennis, was held at her late home in Newtown village Saturday afternoon at one o'clock. Rev. Everett Smith, rector of St. Mary's Church, read the Episcopal service, closing with an appropriate poem written by Mrs. Dennis. Miss Carolyn D. Anthony sang "Asleep in Jesus," and "Abide With Me." The bearers were Charles Barker of Westerly, William Barker of Hartford, the two brothers of the deceased; George R. Hicks and John L. Borden. The burial was in the family lot in the Portsmouth Cemetery. There were some very handsome floral tributes; several of the societies of which Mrs. Dennis was a member having sent floral pieces.

#### EUREKA LODGE.

Eureka Lodge, A. F. and A. M., held its regular meeting in Eureka Hall with a good attendance, and many guests from Newport, Fall River and Tiverton. The third degree was conferred on several candidates, and an oyster supper was served.

Mrs. Robert Manchester of Tiverton has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Nancy Grinnell and brother A. Fremont Grinnell and family of Freeborn street.

Mrs. Amanda Cross has been entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Chaffee of Seekonk.

Rev. Francis Cooper, district superintendent held the Fourth Quarterly Conference at the Methodist Episcopal Church on Saturday evening, and on Sunday morning he preached at the church and attended the Sunday School session. He was the guest of Rev. John Wadsworth and Miss Laura Wadsworth.

Miss Phoebe Anthony, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Abner P. Anthony is ill with pneumonia.

Miss Ruth Anthony of Tiverton has been the guest of Miss Jean Barclay of Glen Farm.

# The RED MIST

## A TALE OF CIVIL STRIFE

### By RANDALL PARRISH

#### ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. D. RHODES

COPYRIGHT  
A. C. MCCLURG & CO.

## CHAPTER IX.

## What We Overheard.

I could feel the trembling of her body, and for an instant my brain seemed to reel with dizziness. The danger confronting us was not so much mine as hers. These men were not soldiers but desperadoes, the scum of the hills, and they had come actuated by one object only—the possession of Major Harwood's daughter. What the real purpose of the Cowans might be I could not even conjecture, but this night raid was, beyond all doubt, a part of that same foul plot which had involved the cowardly murder of the father. That had been the work of the elder Cowan, and now had come the turn of the son. Here was the culmination of the feud between the two families, the blood anger which had smoldered for years, finally to find fit expression in this outrage under the guise of war. With the major dead, and his only child married to Anso Cowan—whether by force, or otherwise—the account would be closed. Once legally this villain's wife all her inheritance would be in his control. Death, even, was far preferable to falling alive into their hands. I felt instinctively that it would be her choice. She had uttered no sound, no cry after that first startled exclamation. Suddenly her hands grasped mine in which I gripped the revolver. "Do not shoot—not yet!" she whispered, the sound of her words barely audible. "Wait; there is one chance still that we may deceive them."

"A way leading out? You mean a secret passage?"

"No, but a spot where we might hide, and be overlooked. I am sure none of these men know this house; Anso Cowan has never been inside of it, and most of the ruffians with him are from beyond the mountains. If they do not find us here when they search, they will believe we have escaped."

"They will discover the preacher," I protested, yet with a faint throbbing hope. "He will be heard from presently, and they will learn the truth from him."

"All he knows—yes; but that is not much. He cannot be sure that we have not had time in which to get safely away."

She drew me back, and I yielded to the grasp of her hand. The darkness was intense, but she moved swiftly and surely, as though knowing intimately every inch of the way; her fingers touching mine were warm and firm, no longer trembling. The door in front crashed, and an oath rumbled upward; to the rear a light flashed, its reflection reddening the stair. Aided by its distant flicker we raced back down the upper hall to where it narrowed. A ladder stood there leading upward to a small scuttle above. Instantly my mind grasped her plan—the attic! If we could attain the attic unseen, drawing the ladder up after us and lowering the cover over the hole, our presence in the house might remain unsuspected.

"I see what you mean," I said swiftly. "Go up first, Miss Noreen—hurry!" She crept through the narrow scuttle-hole, her supple, slender body finding easy passage. With two blows of my foot I loosened the supports, freeing them from the floor, and mounted recklessly. Already men were on the stairs, the gleam of an approaching light reflecting along the side-walls. There was light flooring above, and sufficient space in which to move freely, although I could see nothing, not even the breathless girl at my side. Together we grasped the upper rungs, and drew up the ladder, sliding it in behind us on the floor. The scuttle cover was on hinges, and it slipped over the edge of the hole noiselessly. We lay there pressed closely together in silent suspense. We could distinguish the opening and closing of doors, and the sound of voices calling to others on the floor below. Once some fellow, apparently just beneath us, ripped out an oath.

"Well, by God, Jack, do you suppose Nichols has dared play such a damned trick on me and squealed to the girl?"

"Hanged if I know," was the sullen reply. "But it don't look like that was a soul in the house."

I felt her hand touch mine softly, and bent my head until her lips were at my ear.

"That was Anso Cowan," she whispered. "I recognize that voice. What do you suppose they will do now?"

My fingers tightened their grip; the men below had moved on, their voices grumbling along the hall.

"They will discover the preacher presently," I said, endeavoring to make my words as reassuring as possible. "I only wonder they have overlooked him so long; I supposed he would make an outcry."

She drew in her breath sharply, and sat up. The movement was noiseless, but in the instant of intense silence which followed, we heard below us the sudden sound of struggle, a muffled voice calling for mercy, the shuffling of a body being hauled forward across the floor. Then someone ran along the hall, passing just beneath us.

"What have you found, Kelly?" It was Anso's voice roaring out the question. "Ah! the old fox dug out of his hole, hey! Now see here, you cauling old Baptist hypocrite, what kind of a trick is it you are playing on me? Stand him up there boys, against that rail. Stop your howling, or I'll smash you one in the face. Where did you find the fool, Jack?"

"Locked in a closet yonder; looks like it might be the girl's room. The darn fool is too skeered ter talk yet."

"Well, I'll make him, or else that'll be a dead preacher in 'bout a minute. I reckon as how I'll do as much skeering as anyone. Now, Nichols, ye see there! What the devil was yer doing in that closet?"

"They—they done put me there, Anso."

"Go on. Who was yere beside the girl when yer cum?"

"A Yankee lieutenant, a cavalryman I reckon from ther yellow stripes on his legs."

"A Yank! Did yer hear the feller's name?"

"Damn if I'm sure; he's a right good sized man, an' not bad lookin'. Pears to me, now I think of it, she called him Raymond."

There was a gasping sound as though Anso's hand had closed again heavily on the fellow's throat.

"Raymond! I reckon yer lyin' ter me, parson. Yer heard tell o' the feller over in camp, an' ther name stuck. 'Twont be healthy fer yer ter play no game yere."

"I ain't, Anso. Quit a chokin' me. I never heard tell o' no Yank named Raymond afore. Be ther one 'round yere?"

"Wall, that was, but I don't reckon that is now," doubtfully. "Last I heard tell o' him he was over in Fayette a ridin' like hell fer Charleston. Monte's band picked him up, an' he didn't find this kentry none too healthy fer his line o' business, which was recruitin'—what's that, Kelly?"

"Better let ther preacher tell his story, Anso. We're losin' a lot o' time; I reckon that must a bin some kind o' male critter yere; 'tain't likely ther girl locked him up alone, an' it don't make no odds what the Yank's name was, nebaw."

"Go on, Nichols; what happened? Tell us the whole of it, but make it short."

The preacher drew in a long breath, evidently relieved to have the pressure of Anso's murderous fingers removed from his throat. He sputtered a bit as he began to tell his story and there were muffled words we could not distinguish. Occasionally someone of his auditors interrupted with an oath, or exclamation. He spoke faster as he proceeded, as though feeling less fear, and eager to have the task over. Finally Cowan interjected a brief question. "You damn coward! Did you tell?"

"Honest, Anso, I don't jest know; but I reckon I did spit it most out, fer he'd a killed me if I hadn't."

"Do you mean to say you told them I was comin' yere tonight, an' golt fer ter make the girl marry me—you whinin' cur?"

"How could I help it, Anse? I reckon if that feller held a pistol at your head you'd a did some talkin'. Maybe he's a recruitin' officer, but he ain't no sorter man ter fool with enct he gits mad."

"Well, I'd sure like fer ter know what he is. He can't be ther feller what got away from Monte, fer he lit out fer Charleston. How did this yere feller git yere—on horseback?"

"I didn't git eight o' no boss; ther was only one four-legged critter in ther barn, an' I reckon as how the girl must hev' rode thet."

"Say, Anse," broke in the voice of Kelly, "I'll bet this Yank is the one that was with Fox, an' got away. He'd hed time 'nough fer ter git this fer on fut."

"But what does he call hisself Raymond fer?"

"Damn if I know—maybe he jest heard tell of the other feller, an' thought as how he'd git 'long easier under that name."

"Well, I reckon it won't make much difference what the cuss' name is if ever I git my hands on him," growled Anso savagely. "Go on, Nichols. What became of them?"

"Skipped out, I reckon. I never seen nothing more ov 'em."

Anso must have completely lost his temper, for there was the sound of a blow, and the noise of a falling body, feet shuffling as the others drew back. Then a moment of silence.

"Pick the ol' fool up," said a voice. "Throw him back into the room ther. Maybe he'll hev sum sense when he wakes up. Kelly, take Jim with yer, an' see if that boss is in ther stable yet. If them two left on fut, they ain't gone fer in this storm. Enshew ther's one thing sure—they ain't a hidin' up yere. Cum on, boys, let's take a 'nother look 'round down below."

We heard their feet on the stairs, and the light, which had streamed up through the crack in the scuttle, faded away, leaving us in utter darkness.

## CHAPTER X.

## The Recognition.

I began to understand the state of affairs now, piecing this and that together, lying there in the darkness, listening for some sound of guidance from below. I could hear the soft breathing of the girl at my side, but she did not speak or move. She had overheard all that was said; she must also realize fully the object of these men, and the desperation of our position. Would she continue to trust me? To believe in my purpose, or had the words of betrayal spoken by Anso Cowan and Kelly left a sting of suspicion behind? If they had, would I dare to confess the truth, fully reveal my identity, and thus leave the fate



"You Damn Coward! What Did You Tell?"

of my secret mission in her hands?

Her sympathies must naturally be with the Union forces; she would see the issues from the viewpoint of her father. That would have nothing to do with these banditti, but later might greatly interfere with the work to which I had been assigned. I had two duties to perform—to the army, and to this helpless girl; which was paramount if by any chance they clashed? I could not answer, but I did comprehend which came first—I must save Noreen Harwood from the merciless clutch of Anso Cowan. I must remain with her loyalty, until she was safe in the protection of friends. Possibly I could accomplish this, and still retain my secret.

"Is there any other way out of here, Miss Noreen?" I asked, scarcely above a whisper, "any opening leading to the roof?"

"I have never seen one, though often up here when I was a child."

"Then our only means of escape is by the ladder, and we dare not venture that until assured those fellows have really left. Do you hear any sound below?"

We both listened in breathless silence, but no noise reached us with any distinctness. I thought I caught the echo of a voice, but it sounded from outside the house—possibly someone yelling a report from the stable.

"Shall I risk exploring?" I asked doubtfully. "There is surely no one on this floor except Nichols, and I judge he has been knocked out for some time. We can hardly wait here for him to recover, and give us free passage. What action do you think we ought to take?"

"I certainly have no desire to remain here longer than is necessary," she answered calmly, "but I do not believe those men have all left the house. Some may be outside in the storm searching for trace of us, but there are others surely on guard below. Did you hear that? A knife fell on the floor; someone is eating in the dining room."

"I am going to lift the scuttle; possibly some light may filter up the stairs."

"I was obliged to loosen it by the insertion of my knife blade, yet the clasp yielded with but little noise, and I peered eagerly down the opening. There was a lamp burning in the lower hall, the reflection sufficiently bright to reveal the general situation. No men were visible, nor did I hear any voices in conversation. One thing was certain—the upper hall was completely deserted, for I could see along its entire length. I lifted my head, and glanced back to where the girl remained silent, and motionless. My eyes, long accustomed to the darkness, could distinguish her outlines, even the dim contour of her face. She sat upright on the rough flooring, apparently regarding me intently.

"Do you find the way left clear?"

"So far as the upper hall is concerned—yes. There is a light burning below, although I can perceive no movement. They may be in the dining room, but I do not believe they will search up here again."

"No?" The slight rising inflection stung me. What did her action mean? Why should she so suddenly assume that tone with me? The sooner I knew the better.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Harwood," I said quietly, "but I fail to understand why you should speak to me in this manner. You have shown confidence, trust, in my former efforts to serve you, and I am just as eager now to be of service."

"You mean you wish me to have complete confidence in you?"

"Certainly. I can do nothing otherwise."

There was an instant of silence, in which her breathing was plainly audible. Beneath the shadow of an uplifted hand I felt that her eyes were upon my face.

"Very well, then," she said finally, her voice more expressive of interest. "It is surely no more than natural that I should desire to know whom I have the honor of talking with."

"But do you not know?"

"No," firmly and decisively. "You heard what those men said—yet you go on pretending to me. Are you the officer they referred to, are you not?"

"Yes; I escaped when Fox's command was attacked."

"You were an officer in Captain Fox's troop?"

"No; I joined him by accident at Hot Springs."

"Under what name?"

The utter uselessness of attempting to lie was apparent. Her questions were too direct, too straightforward, for any further evasion. The slightest quibbling now would cost me her friendship forever. If I hesitated, it was scarcely noticeable.

"Under the name," I replied quietly, "of Charles H. Raymond, lieutenant Third U. S. cavalry, on recruiting

service."

"Oh!" the exclamation burst forth in surprise at my frank avowal. "Then you did not make that up merely to deceive me? You had been passing under that name with others. You had taken it for a distinct purpose—a military purpose?"

"I took it," I said slowly, and deliberately, my eyes looking steadily at her, "because I knew such a Federal officer had been detailed to service in this neighborhood. If I have taken my life in my hands to serve the cause of the South it was in obedience to the orders of my superiors."

"Whose orders?"

"General Jackson directly; although Robert E. Lee was present, and gave final instructions."

Her hands concealed her face, and I could judge nothing as to its expression; whether, or not, my words had any weight with her. She sat motionless, bent slightly forward. At last she said slowly:

"I know enough of—of army life to be aware that men are not ordered to such hazardous work—they are asked to volunteer. Only a brave man would assume such a risk; only a man who believed in himself, and his cause. I—I like you better because you have told me. I believe you are honest with me now. I did not know what to do, or what to say before. I knew you were not Raymond, and that you were acting a lie—but could not guess your purpose. What made it



There Was the Sound of Chairs Being Pushed Hastily Back.

harder to understand," her voice hesitating slightly, "arose because there was something about you so oddly familiar; I—I felt that I ought to recognize your face; that somewhere we had met before—have we?"

"Yes, Miss Noreen; I am Tom Wyatt."

"Why? Why, of course!" the swift expression was one of intense relief. "How stupid of me! Oh, I am so glad that I know!" To my surprise she held out both hands impulsively. "Your being a spy doesn't make any difference now that I know who you really are. It is no wonder I did not recognize you—why you were only a boy—"

"Not when you rode by my mother and me on the pike."

"A year ago? I remember; yet I hardly caught a glimpse of you through the dust. You were just a boy when you were here last. Why you had long curls."

"And thought Noreen Harwood the most beautiful little girl I had ever seen."

"Why you—you are in even greater danger than I."

"Oh, no; from all I have seen and heard the Cowans must be in sympathy with the South, or they never would have made the attack on Fox's party, or held Lieutenant Raymond prisoner. I had considered going direct to Anse, revealing my identity, and demanding protection."

Her hands grasped my sleeve.

"No, not that! You do not understand, Tom Wyatt. These men care nothing for the issues of the war. They merely use them to cover up their own lawless deeds, and to assist in working out schemes of revenge. They are neither Federal, nor Confederate; they are robbers, murderers, and thieves. Is Anso Cowan here tonight for any purpose but his own? You realize what that purpose is."

"I have heard enough to make me certain," I answered. "He would force you into marriage to thus gain control of this property. The killing of Major Harwood was part of the plan."

"You know then of my father's death? You know that report to be true? Why, you said you were with Captain Fox at Hot Springs! Is it so?"

"Yes, Miss Noreen, it is true. I saw your father's body, and that of his servant Tom. I came across the mountains with the man who killed them both. I supposed him to be a scout. He called himself Jess Taylor, and when they first met your father addressed him by that name. They met by appointment at a house a mile south of Hot Springs. Your father said nothing to you of such a man?"

"No; I saw him for a moment as he passed through Lewisburg on his way east. He was to meet a scout beyond the mountains, but no name was mentioned. What did the man Taylor look like?"

"I described him to Captain Fox, and one of his men, a sergeant, instantly pronounced the fellow to be old Ned Cowan."

"Ned Cowan! Why, that could not be! My father would never have an appointment alone with him. They have been deadly enemies for years."

"That may be true, Miss Noreen. I can only tell you what little I know. Your father might have been deceived; drawn into a trap. He was there apparently by appointment to confer with a man known to him as Taylor. Who Taylor really was I cannot say—but he was an enemy, not a friend, of

Major Harwood. I do not insist that the fellow was Ned Cowan, but I am sure he belonged to the gang. We trailed him nearly to New River, and had gone into camp amid the mountains when the Cowans attacked us. In my judgment the killing of your father, and the raid on this house tonight, form part of the same plan."

"I do not think she was crying, although her face was buried in her hands. I turned my eyes away, down through the scuttle hole, but nothing moved along the hall below. The house seemed absolutely deserted, but the lamp continued to burn, and yet, even as I felt the strangeness of such intense silence, a door slammed somewhere in the distance, and a gruff voice spoke.

## CHAPTER XI.

## Waiting the Next Move.

"Anse—Kelly, are either of you there?"

There was the sound of chairs being pushed hastily back from a table, and rapid steps on the floor.

"Yes; what's wrong? Have you found something?"

"Sure; Bill an' I saw them; they were a tryin' ter git the horse; but afore either of us could dra, they sorter slipped 'long back o' ther fence, an' got away. It's darker'n hell out ther, an' Bill sed fer me ter cum in yere an' tell yer that if you 'en Kelly wud cut across the road, an' sorter head the cusses off w'd bag the two casy."

"What's the rest of ther boys?"

"Ridin' the Lewisburg pike accordin' ter orders, I reckon. Leastwise we ain't seen 'em since yer tol' us ter watch ther stable. Bill an' I can't round them up alone."

"All right, Dave. Where are they now?"

"In ther orchard, a creepin' 'long the fence. Bill's followin' 'em up, an' all you got ter do is run 'long the road an' git ter the corner ahead o' 'em. They can't go no other way."

I caught a glimpse of the two as they crossed the lower hall hurriedly. The lamp flickered in the draft of the opened door, and one fellow swore roughly, as he stumbled over some obstacle. Then the door closed, and the dame staided. In the silence we could hear again the beating of rain on the roof over head.

"Who do you suppose they could have sent?" she asked.

"Shadows likely enough. Lot them hunt. We know now the house is deserted, and can find more comfortable quarters—perhaps even slip away before anyone returns. You will go with me?"

"Of course; I am not afraid of Tom Wyatt."

We passed the ladder down slowly, and carefully, until the lower end rested securely on the floor below. If Nichols had recovered from the effect of the severe blow, he had made no sound, and I had almost forgotten his presence. I drew back, and permitted the lady to descend first, holding the upper supports firmly until her feet touched the floor. It was a struggle for me to force my larger bulk through the narrow opening, but I succeeded finally, and stood beside her. In the brighter light I could perceive more clearly the expression of the girl's face, realized the friendliness of her eyes. My frank confession had won me her confidence; no matter where her sympathy might be in this war struggle my allegiance to the cause of the South was no serious barrier between us; even the fact that I was masquerading there in a stolen uniform and under an assumed name, had not greatly changed her trust in an old playmate. My heart beat faster to this knowledge, yet, in some way, although I rejoiced, the recognition brought with it a strange embarrassment.

"It sounds as though the storm was harder than ever," she said. "Where shall we go?"

"My choice would be to hide in one of these rooms, for the present, at least. We could scarcely hope to get the horse out of the stable unseen, and even if we did, we would be likely to ride into some of the gang."

"But they'll return to the house."

"Before they leave—yes; but it is hardly probable they will search up here again. Anse will be in ill-humor enough when he decides we have really escaped, but will never imagine that our hiding place is in the house. They will give up by daylight, and then the way will be clear."

"And where will you go?"

"Why, in surprise. I could not leave you alone until I placed you in the care of friends."

"At Lewisburg, you mean?"

"If that is where you wish to go."

Her eyes met mine frankly, but with an expression in their depths I failed to fathom.

"Not wearing that uniform," she said quietly, "or under the name of Lieutenant Raymond. Do not misunderstand. There is friendship between us—personal friendship, the memory of the past, a knowledge of the intimacy between your father and mine. More, I am grateful to you for the service you have been to me this night; nor do I hold it against you that you risk your life in the cause for which you fight. But I am Union, Tom Wyatt, and I cannot help you in your work, nor protect you. When daylight comes I am going to say good-by—and forget that I have even seen you."

"But," I protested, "why could we not part, if we must, at Lewisburg, after I know you are safe?"

"There are Federal troops at Lewisburg. They know me, and their commander is aware of my acquaintance with the officer whose name you have assumed."

"Yet, in a measure, at least, you trust me? I want you to consider me a personal friend."

"Why I do," her eyes opening widely. "It is for your own protection I refuse your escort to Lewisburg. I am a traitor to my flag not to take you there, and surrender you a prisoner. If I did not care I would. Hark! That was a shot!"

"Yes, and another; they sound to the west of the house."

"In the orchard, beyond the stable. Can there really be someone hiding there?"

"They are certainly firing at something—there speaks another rifle farther south. Those fellows will be back presently, and we must be out of their way. What room is that beyond the chimney?"

"It was used by the housekeeper. Do you know where Parson Nichols was left?"

"In the room at the head of the stairs; why yes, your room. Could they have killed the man?"

I pushed open the door, which stood slightly ajar, and looked in. Nichols had partially lifted himself by clinging to the bed, and his eyes met mine. The marks of the savage blow with which Cowan had floored him, were plainly evident, and the man appeared weak and dazed. Yet he instantly recognized me, and crouched back in terror. I stepped into the room, and gripped his collar.

"Stand on your feet, man! Oh, yes, you can; you're a little groggy yet, no doubt, but with strength enough for that. Come; I'll hold you. Now, out into the hall. Miss Harwood, may I trouble you to open that door—yes, the housekeeper's room; will hide ourselves in there. By Jove, that sounds like a regular volley!"

I pushed the man forward, and flung him down on the bed, still retaining my grip on his collar.

"Not a move, or a sound, Nicholas! Attempt to betray us, and your life is not worth the snap of a finger. Miss Harwood close the door, and lock it."

The name instant a vivid flash of red lit up the whole interior, the light glaring in through the unshaded windows, and reflecting from the walls. Nichols started up with a little cry of terror, but I forced him back.

"It is not the house," I said sternly. "They must have fired the stable. Keep down out of sight. Miss Noreen, creep across to that nearest window and take a glance out—be careful that no one sees you. I'll keep guard over our preacher friend."

She left us quietly, crouching close against the wall, until she could safely peer out from behind the fold of a chintz curtain. The glow from without reddened the entire room. Nichols began to groan, and mutter, but whether the words were those of prayer, or not, I was uncertain. That the fellow's brain tottered on the brink of total collapse was evident, and I was too fearful he might create alarm to desert my guard. Eager to learn what had occurred I called across to the girl:

"Is it the stable, Miss Noreen?"

"Yes," with a quick glance backward. "The whole west end is ablaze. I think there are horses picketed beyond in the orchard, but am not sure—yes, there are men there with them. The fire, as it blazes up, gives me a better view."

"Can you tell how many?"

"No, but I didn't suppose Anso Cowan had so many with him, did you?"

"Why, really I cannot tell, for I have no conception either way. There must have been a dozen altogether in the

house, and doubtless others were on guard without. Hasn't it ceased storming?"

"Yes; I wonder what time it is; why I actually believe the sky is becoming lighter in the east already."

She stared out intently, and then sank to her knees.

"Come over here quick! They are getting ready for something."

I swept my eyes over Nichols, who lay motionless, his arms folded across his face. To my mind the fellow was acting a part, and was not half as badly injured as he pretended to be. However, he could do us no great harm at present, and I stole silently across the room, and knelt beside her. She held the curtain aside, leaving just space enough for my eyes. For an instant the glow of the burning building blinded me, and intensified the surrounding darkness. I shadowed my eyes with my hand.

"Where are the men you saw? To the left?"

"Yes—back under the trees, close to the first negro cabin; see! Just where I point."

Once located I could perceive the shadowy outlines, which grew more distinct as I gazed. There were men there beyond doubt; it seemed to me, twenty or thirty, although it was impossible to judge the number. But the shadow seemed to be disintegrating. Even as my eyes focused it, a section moved to the right, and then another swung into the open, circling along the orchard fence.

"There is a slew of them," I muttered unthinkingly. "Anse meant to have company at his wedding."

"Oh, besh!" her hand caught my sleeve. "They—they are coming back to the house now."

(Continued on page 10.)



Established by Franklin in 1734.

## The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

PUBLISHED BY MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

Office Telephone 131  
Home Telephone 1010

Saturday, January 22, 1916

The authorities of the State seem to have abandoned all hope of finding the murderers of Judge Knowles of the district court.

There are reported to be one hundred thousand cases of typhus in Mexico, evidently the demons are not all among the Villa bandits.

The candidacy of Mr. Guy Norman for Congress from this district is well received by all. Mr. Norman will make a winning candidate if nominated.

The enactment of a Republican tariff never threw an American out of a job, a fact sensible voters will bear in mind next year while the theorists are dreaming. Says a Western Exchange, which is a true bill in a condensed form.

9,687,741 persons live in New York state, according to the census of last June. Of the total, 5,017,221, or 52 per cent are residents of greater New York. Certainly New York is some city. It can truthfully boast of being the largest city in the world. London must now take second place.

The candidacy of Mr. Guy Norman for Congress from this district has struck the popular sentiment. If nominated as undoubtedly will be, he will carry this city and every town in the county by a large majority. He is the kind of a man this section of the State needs in Congress to look out for her interests.

Gov. McCall, of Massachusetts, is looming up as a Presidential Candidate on the Republican ticket. He would make an ideal Candidate, one that all factions could support with enthusiasm. The party cannot do better than nominate him. If they should do it they can feel sure of the support of the progressives and success at the polls would be assured.

A financial paper says: So far as the European war is concerned the allies are slowly strangling Germany. Great Britain is doing business with the world, and selling up profits, while Germany is isolated in the world's trade. Great Britain has been successful in establishing sterling exchange on a more normal basis. She is liquidating American securities and paying such interest on money that American credits are not pressing for payment.

Villa has issued a decree ordering his men to kill all Americans caught in Mexico, to burn all American property and then when the Carranza forces get too close behind them to retreat into the interior country. This is the same Villa that a year ago was the President's pet. The same man that the President permitted arms and ammunition to be sent to, that he might fight Huerta. These same arms and ammunition are now being used to kill Americans with.

If Greece joins the Central Powers, she starves, declares Richard Harding Davis. There is never more than ten days' food in Greece, and all her supplies come over the water. With the allies in absolute control of the seas, and the German fleet at Kiel, Greece must at least stay neutral or feel the allied thumb on her supply arteries. This is a hard one on Greece. King Constantine would like to help the Allies, but his wife is a sister of the Kaiser and says No. Greece, figuratively speaking, is between the devil and the deep sea.

## State Taxation.

The proposed taxation bill before the General Assembly, the product of the tax commission will have a rocky road to travel before it gets through. There are some features of the bill that should be eliminated. Others that should pass. The tax increase on cities and towns from nine to twelve cents on a \$100 for the use of the public roads system is being strongly opposed by the city of Providence on the ground that the people of that city pay half the tax and get no benefit from it. This is not correct. The people of Providence pay far less than the people of Newport, and no part of the State gets more benefit from the roads system. Every road in the State centers in Providence. The automobilists from that city probably use the country roads ten times as much as all the rest of the State and they should be willing to pay a small share of making good the wear and tear.

The tax on bank deposits met with considerable opposition at the hearing from representatives of the National banks as it is claimed to operate to the disadvantage of the national banks and in favor of the trust companies. Evidently the bill is loosely drawn in that respect and does not operate as its framers meant it should.

The one feature in the bill that will find difficulty in getting through is the increase of salaries and in doubling the expense of the tax commission. The salary of the chairman of the board is increased to \$5000, and the expense of the office to \$14,000. This big increase would seem to be unaffordable. If people submit to a large increase of taxes they do not care to have it all consumed in salaries and exorbitant office expenses.

## Preparedness Hysteria.

We are a thorough advocate of preparedness. But there may be such a thing as carrying the thing too far. Some of the authorities at Washington interpret preparedness to mean a navy equal to the navies of any two countries except Great Britain and an army large enough to defend the Munroe doctrine anywhere on the Western hemisphere without endangering the home country should it be attacked. Such an army would contain 1,500,000 men, of which 500,000 should be fully trained regulars, the remainder trained reserves. The navy, according to this plan, would require an expenditure of at least \$300,000,000 a year for new construction, until the desired strength is reached, and for the army something like \$500,000,000 would be wanted the first year, the future cost being left to the imagination. Some additional hundreds of millions would be needed for coast defenses, reserve ammunition and other minor necessities.

A writer on this subject says: There seems to be something approaching a state of hysteria in Washington. From pronounced opposition to any special strengthening of our defensive powers, voiced by the President a year ago, they have passed the bounds of prudent preparation and have entered into a visionary realm filled with chimeras and goblins. The nation wants a navy that will command respect; one that will accord with our size, our wealth and our defensive needs. For that it is prepared to pay the price. It does not want a great army. It is distinctly opposed to the building up of a strong permanent military power. The army needs some enlargement. There should be more training schools for officers. There should be more reserve equipments for any reasonable contingency. And there should be provision for a rudimentary training of the youth of the land. Beyond some such requirements the country will not go, and it is useless to talk of preparedness based upon the visions of overheated imaginations.

## General Assembly.

The General Assembly has dragged through its sessions this week with very little to do, the daily sessions having been of but a few minutes duration. Little new business has been introduced. The public hearing on the amendments to the tax law, given by the judiciary committee, attracted considerable attention on Tuesday, a number of Newporters going up to attend the hearing. President Peter King and Treasurer Thomas B. Congdon of the Aquinneck National Bank were there to look out for the interests of the depositors in national banks who seemed somewhat discriminated against in the amendment as drawn.

The bills of interest to Newport are still marking time. Representative Levy's bill for a new Court House for Newport is still in committee, and promises to meet with some obstructions. A bill has been introduced this week to allow the Rogers High School cadets to use the State Armory in this city.

Governor Beeckman has appointed a Newport man, Donaventur Gerbaville, to be a member of the Barbers Commission for the term of three years. A number of re-appointments have been made and confirmed, including that of Col. Andrew K. McMahon as a member of the State Board for Soldiers Relief.

The Newport County members have found considerable to interest them outside of the Legislative session. On Wednesday they saw the Providence fire department handle a two-alarm fire in the Butler Exchange, and on Thursday many of them attended the Dollar Day sales in the city, a few souvenirs being brought home.

## Good Recommendations.

The Safe Roads Automobile Association of Massachusetts advocates legislation to promote safety on the highways as follows:

1. A bill requiring an examination of all operators of motor vehicles before granting them licenses.
2. A bill providing that henceforth no license to operate a motor vehicle shall be granted to any person under 20 years of age.
3. That no license shall be granted to any woman to operate a motor vehicle of more than 30-horsepower.
4. That the license of an operator convicted of operating while intoxicated shall be revoked for one year upon the first offense and for 10 years upon the second offense.
5. A bill requiring cities and towns to designate street cross-walks and safety zones within which pedestrians must keep and where the operators of vehicles shall not run them down.

It might be well for other states to follow their example.

## Poultry Institute.

The State Department of Agriculture is to hold a Poultry Institute on Feb. 3, at Rhode Island College at which Prof. Kirkpatrick of Storrs College and a representative of the U. S. Department of Agriculture are to speak. There are to be demonstrations in capronizing and practical talks on poultry raising.

The Providence stores held their annual "Dollar Day" sale on Thursday, and drew some of the Newport money up there.

"Father," said little Johnny, "how big do sponges grow?"  
"Well, my son, your Uncle William is about the biggest one I ever knew. If there are any bigger ones I don't want to meet them."—Chicago Herald.

"Nature's works are marvelous."  
"Yes, isn't it fortunate that she provided every woman with some real hair to pin beads and switches to?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## One Hundred Years Ago.

(Newport Mercury of January 20, 1815.)

## THE GUERRIERE AND JAYA.

The frigate Guerriere arrived at Boston on Wednesday last, seventeen days from New York. The frigate Jaya sailed four days after the Guerriere, for this port, and arrived here in nineteen hours—another proof of the superiority of the Harbor of Newport, over any other, for a naval rendezvous.

Note: The papers of one hundred years ago, although filled with national and international affairs, contained very few items of purely local interest.

## Fifty Years Ago.

(Newport Mercury of January 20, 1866.)

## STOLEN SILVER FOUND.

William M. Clarke, Esq., cashier of the National Bank of Rhode Island, while going onto Easton's pond last Monday, discovered the handle of a coffee pot projecting above the ice. After spending some time in skating, he decided to ascertain what this handle belonged to, and, with the aid of a boy, the ice was broken, and enclosed in a waterproof cloak nine pieces of silver were found, that proved to be the property of Miss T. Moore that was stolen from her house on Catherine street last September. This is only about a third of the whole amount taken at that time, and is probably the portion allotted to one of the thieves. It was supposed at the time of the theft that there were three persons concerned, and if so, the balance divided between the other two was secreted in some other place. In the summer, the reeds are very thick where this property was found, and the thief evidently threw the bundle from the bank nearby, and being covered with water there was little danger of its being discovered.

## THE STEAM FIRE ENGINE VOTE.

A vote of the property holders of this city on the proposition to purchase a steam fire engine was taken on Thursday, but in consequence of some fifty more ballots being given in the first, fourth and fifth wards than there were names checked on the lists the question as to the legality of the election will have to be decided by the board of aldermen. There is no provision in law for such a case as the present, as it is not presumed that fraud was intended. To decide the question as it is now presented there would be a majority in favor of a steamer, as a large proportion of the extra votes were No's, but the advocates of a steamer are not desirous of taking this advantage, and it will give better satisfaction to test the question again. One more trial will bring out the voters, as the question has recently been more fully discussed in its different phases.

In addition to those names previously published of Newport boys who died in service during the Rebellion are the following, and if any others are known friends will confer a favor by notifying us:—Killed, Samuel F. Simpson; died from other causes, John Nickson, John C. Whitehouse. This makes the whole number 73; killed, 13; from wounds, 6; from other causes, 50.

## Twenty-Five Years Ago.

(Newport Mercury of January 21, 1891.)

## GEORGE BANCROFT.

This distinguished historian, statesman, and scholar died at his Washington residence last Saturday afternoon in the 91st year of his age, and a sketch of his long and useful life will be found on the third page of this paper. His death was sudden and unexpected, terminating an illness of only two days. Mr. Bancroft had long made his residence in Newport where he spent about six months of each year. Here in this beautiful spot, Mr. Bancroft used to spend many hours each day cultivating roses. Coming early, before the season had really opened, his garden was always perfection before those of his neighbors had even showed signs of life. So famous did his place become for its marvellously beautiful roses that it was christened by common consent "Rose Cliff," and by that name was known all over the world. It was always open, too, to the public during the season. Mr. Bancroft, if found in his garden, as he was generally, would talk with the strangers, and if he found them in any way interested in rose culture would explain the different varieties under his charge.

He was a very methodical man, devoting certain hours each day to literary work, certain hours to his garden, certain hours to horseback or carriage riding, and whatever he was engaged in had for the time being his undivided interest. Yet he was never too busy to receive a visitor, even though that visitor were a total stranger. This was the sort of life Mr. Bancroft used to live from May until October each year, and he would often remain until November. He always planned to spend his birthday, which occurred October 3, in Newport.

Everybody knew Mr. Bancroft, and everybody esteemed it an honor to know him. No one ever resided here, either permanently or temporarily, who was more universally esteemed than he. Unlike most great men who have come to Newport, he has never been mentioned except with respect by anyone who has been brought in contact with him.

## A MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR.

Mr. William Champion, foreman of Bowen's coal yard, made a startling discovery upon beginning his business duties Tuesday morning. The counting room was found in utter confusion, bearing every evidence of having been burglarized and then set on fire. Books and papers were scattered about the floor, and a piece of cloth which had been saturated with kerosene was found partially burned, while other evidences of attempts to fire the place were found in and out of the office.

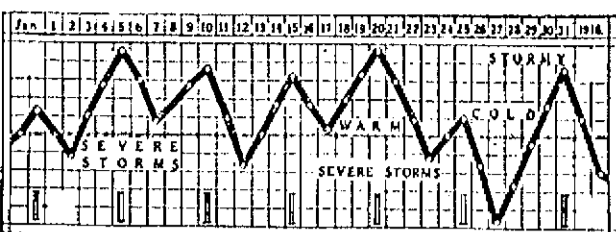
Following so closely upon the fire at Pinniger & Manchester's coal yard last week gave the matter a very serious look, and for a time it created considerable excitement.

## LIEUT. CASEY'S LINEAGE.

MORRISTOWN, N. J., Jan. 19, 1891.

Editor Newport Mercury:  
Lieut. E. W. Casey, who was killed by Indians as related in your paper of the 17th inst., was the grandson of the late Hon. Dutée J. Pearce of Newport. He was the grandson of the late General Silas Casey, U. S. A., who married Abby Pearce. His old home was never in North Kingstown, although he is buried there with his parents. He was born in California. His brothers now living are General Thomas L. Casey, chief of engineers of the U. S. Army, and Captain Silas Casey, U. S. N.

## WEATHER BULLETIN.



Copyright 1915 by W. T. Foster.

January temperatures will average higher than usual. High temperatures near January 5 and 20, low temperature near 27, cold wave January 21 and 23. Severe storms during weeks centering on January 5 and 20. Precipitation month beginning January 10, excessive rains along and south of latitude 40, about the usual normal precipitation and some snow along and north of latitude 40.

Treble line represents reasonable normal temperatures, the heavy black line the predicted departures from normal. The black line tending upward indicates rising temperature and downward indicates falling temperature. Where the heavy temperature line goes above normal indications are for warmer, and below cooler than usual. The line indicates when storm waves will cross meridian 90, moving eastward. Count one or two days later for east of meridian 90, and one to three days earlier for west of it. Warm waves will be about a day earlier and cool waves a day later.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 20, 1916.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross gulf Jan. 23 to 27, warm wave 22 to 26, cool wave 25 to 29. This will bring severe winter storms, an extensive cold wave, blizzards and other ugly weather features. This will be one of two great winter storms. The other one was delivered according to contract during the week centering on Jan. 5 and this last one will monopolize the week centering on Jan. 25. Better prepare for it. We are not making many mistakes in our forecasts of severe storms.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Jan. 28, cross Pacific slope by close of 29, central valleys 30 to Feb. 1, eastern sections Feb. 2. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about Jan. 23, central valleys 30, eastern sections Feb. 1. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about Jan. 31, central valleys Feb. 2, eastern sections Feb. 4.

From about Jan. 22 to 29, the storms will be almost continuously severe, the weather will be ugly and much suffering will result to unsheltered live stock and people who must be out of doors. During these eight days, all who can should plan for in-door occupations.

We had the first extensive and large precipitations near Dec. 13, the second near Jan. 6. Third and fourth are expected to overlap, be more extensive and excessive in amount and covering last ten days in January. Heavy snows are expected in northern sections and heavy rains south. Deep snows in the Rockies are expected to interfere with railway traffic. The precipitation is expected to be excessive in at least

commander of the new cruiser Newar. He was a brave and promising officer. His Newport lineage should quicken the sorrow of old Newporters that he met so cruel and untimely a death.

W. E. BAILEY.

Mr. Guy Norman, a son of Mr. George H. Norman of this city, has been made station agent on the New York & New England R. R. at Williamantic, Conn.

## PORTSMOUTH.

(From our Regular Correspondent)

Mr. Gideon W. Almy is the newly appointed agent for the Ford Automobile Co., his territory being from the Stone Bridge to the Newport line. Mr. Almy has been quite successful and has sold several cars in the short time he has had the agency.

Frederick U. Tallman who has been at Newport Hospital for several weeks returned on Saturday showing much improvement.

The School Committee has begun a series of night sessions at the Quaker Hill School, the sessions being held Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings of each week. The sessions are for adults. Mrs. Lucy M. Phinney, of Newtown School, is the teacher.

Miss Harriet F. Sanford entertained St. Paul's Guild on Tuesday. Plans were made for a supper to be held in the Guild House. Refreshments were served.

Manager William Bone of Sandy Point Farm, and Manager Charles Gifford of Glen Farm are harvesting ice.

Mr. Charles Clarke who has been seriously ill is improving.

There are several cases of whooping cough among the children of the town.

## Old Kenesaw.

(St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)

Kenesaw Mountain, twenty miles north of Atlanta, one of the most noted localities of the civil war, has changed owners. Most of the veterans of the West were there in the summer of 1864, when Sherman was pushing his advance on Atlanta, his strategy, from first to last, consisting of a flank movement around the Confederate left. He had the largest army by 40,000 men in mobile shape, and his plan, though halted at times, was successful in the end. Kenesaw was the position where he was held back longest. It was there that he tried to carry an entrenched position by assault in force. His losses in this failure were severe, so he went back to flanking by steady pressure, and without meeting with further serious disappointment. In the campaign from Chattanooga to Atlanta that lasted, with continuous fighting, from May to September 1, the date of Atlanta's occupation, what may be called the siege of Kenesaw, made the strongest impression on the men. The guns on its summit were worked vigorously by the Confederates, and by reason of the topography, the scene was unusually spectacular for more than a month.

Kenesaw is one of the last dots of the Appalachians. It is there that the mountains stretching from New England to Georgia terminate in a few isolated peaks. Two are a short distance west of Kenesaw, and on one of these the Confederate general Polk was killed by a deliberately aimed artillery shot in June, 1864. Polk, with a part of his staff, was making an observation in an open field at an elevated point. A Union artillery captain took the range carefully and Polk was killed instantly by a shell. The Kenesaw region, where the armies faced each other, embraces many square miles. One division of the Dixie highway runs through it and the beautiful Little City of Marietta at its base. Both armies distinguished themselves there.

## NEWS CONDENSED

## FOR BUSY READERS

## Happenings in Various Parts of New England States

The Texas company is negotiating for the control of the Sewall shipyards at Bath, Me., with the purpose of constructing there five steamships for shipment of oil from Texas. Four German prisoners of war who escaped from the detention camp at Amherst, N. H., and were detained at Calais, Me., after crossing the international line, were released.

Unless organized labor comes to the rescue, 149 Danbury, Conn., hatters, who made a twelve years' fight against D. E. Loane & Co., will be turned with their families into the streets.

Because over sixty pupils in St. Peter's parochial school, Wallham, Mass., are stricken with the grip, two grades were closed.

Nearly 300 Wakefield, Mass., residents were dependent on candle light for illumination, and others having only gas stoves cooked their meals on their furnace fires, as the result of frozen gas pipes.

E. C. Converse, multi-millionaire, is turning his 1600 acres at Greenwich, Conn., into a bird sanctuary to aid the national movement for the conservation of bird life.

The Special Aid Society for American Prisoners, with prominent Massachusetts women as leaders, has issued a call to patriotic women of the state to join in its campaign.

Town Clerk Ezekiel R. Studley of Rockland, Me., 81, in point of service one of the oldest public officials in the state, died after a long illness.

Wages of the 2300 employees in the American Thread company's five mills at Holyoke, Mass., will be advanced 5 percent.

Frank Macy, 65, was drowned at Leominster, Mass., just as he had finished a day's work cutting ice. He stepped into a space where ice had been cut out.

Mrs. Frances E. Peters, widow of Chief Justice Peters of Maine, died at Bangor.

Frank Mitchell, 35, was found frozen to death by the roadside at Pittsfield, N. H. He apparently had lain down to sleep.

Vacations for 800 laborers in the Boston paving service are to begin this week. This is the first year in the history of the city they have been allowed any vacations at all, with pay. The new privilege is in accordance with an act of last year's legislature.

William J. Bingham, captain of the Harvard university track team, sponsors a plan for having student waiters in the Harvard dining halls.

Chairman McSwaney of the Boston port directors sent notices to all employees of the board, warning them against lobbying on legislative matters.

For the second time within a week the liquor store of Winer & Co., Boston, was burglarized.

Settlement out of court has been effected at Worcester, Mass., in the Iyer Johnson will contest by which the \$4,000,000 estate of Mrs. Mary Johnson, widow of the wealthy sporting goods manufacturer, will no longer be in litigation.

Burglars entered the home of Chief of Police McLaughlin at Weston, Mass., and stole his coat valued at \$500 during his absence. Other members of his family had gone to bed.

Lewiston, Me., telephone girls do not have to wait for leap year in order to get a man. In the past year nine of the young women have married.

George Parks, 26, was found dead from gas in a room he had just hired at Boston. The police believe it a case of suicide.

Miss Mary Frost, 97, died at Meriden, N. H., as a result of burns received when her clothing ignited as she attempted to put wood into a stove.

Rev. Arthur H. Pingree, who died attempting to save two girls from drowning, has been honored by the Carnegie Hero Fund commission. A medal for bravery has been given his widow, who lives at Norwood, Mass.

Michael Cotter, 65, died from heart trouble caused by falling into a pond at Danvers, Mass., while cutting ice.

A \$60,000 fire destroyed the Clark business block at Caribou, Me. The fire was fought in a temperature of 15 below zero.

David Condon, 22, of Boston, a member of a construction crew of the Edison Electric Light company, was killed by being crushed under a falling pole.

Abraham Unkles, 74, was instantly killed at Meriden, Conn., by a train. Edward Dooley committed suicide by hanging in his home at Boston. He leaves a widow and four children.

Miss Mary, married at 17, died at Boston in attempting to light a fire with kerosene oil, died at the City hospital.

James Hicks, for twenty years city missionary at Cambridge, Mass., died after a lingering illness. He was born in Ireland in 1843.

The Holden, Mass., Congregational church received an anonymous gift of money which will practically clear away the deficit of the little church.

Relatives of P. L. Davis, who has been missing from Portland, Me., since last December, are anxiously awaiting some information concerning him.

Charles E. Stewart is to be appointed by Mayor Curley as superintendent of apparatus in the Boston fire department at a salary of \$3200.

Arthur B. Johnson of Randolph was appointed by Governor Galtee as a member of the Vermont state board of education.

## Deaths.

In this city, 14th inst., Catharine Irano, daughter of Robert J. and Mary Walsh, aged 1 year and 8 months, died of diphtheria.  
In this city, 11th inst., Charles McKean, son of Charles McKean and Bessie Louise Jackson, aged 2 months and 21 days.  
In this city, 10th inst., Adam Ehrhardt, aged 55 years.  
In this city, 10th inst., at his residence, 174 Bellevue avenue (Traverse Block), William M. Ebbett.  
In this city, 10th inst., John M. Austin, aged 62 years.  
In New Bedford, Mass., 17th inst., Elizabeth W. daughter of the late Ephraim B. and Ellen (Waver) Irby, aged 71 years.  
In Baltimore, Md., January 15th, Elizabeth McElwood McLean, mother of Mrs. Joseph Hartman, and widow of Charles E. McLean.  
At Los Angeles, California, 10th inst., Agatha Minnie Petiska, widow of Herbert Cook Albro.  
At Westerly, Jan. 15th, Lydia Foster, widow of Thomas Pittman Nichols, aged 91 years and five months.  
At Stone Bridge, Tiverton, 14th inst., Hannah M., wife of Thomas H. Negus, in her 83d year.  
In Tiverton, 13th inst., George, son of George W. and Nancy J. Albert in his 25th year.

## HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS

Persons living in other States, desiring to see or to purchase information for themselves or friends regarding lots, houses, farms and other real estate, and farms or sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

## A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

122 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R. I.

Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1861. He is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal States and Notary Public. Has a Branch Office open all summer in Jacksonville, for Summer Villas and Country Places.

We are Showing the Choicest

and Largest Line of

## BOOKS

for Children

of all ages.

## CARR'S

DAILY NEWS BUILDING,

Tel. 633

# HEALIS STICKS TO HIS STORY

Admits Stopping Death Car That Mohr Might Be Slain

## TRICKED ON MINOR DETAILS

Courtroom Habitué Breathless and Women Sob as Lewis Makes Affecting Appeal to Chauffeur Who Held Doctor's Life in His Hands—Trips on Minor Details of Story

Providence, Jan. 21.—In spite of one of the most affecting appeals ever uttered by human lips, an appeal which held court, lawyers, reporters and spectators breathless, and which made women sob unashamedly, George W. Healis, Dr. Mohr's chauffeur, stood by his testimony and his story remained unbroken.

He had told in detail how he had stopped the "death car" so that Brown and Spelman might shoot Mohr; how he heard the reports of guns as he worked over the engine, saw Mohr fall, bleeding, against Emily Burger, and how he dragged the latter, wounded, to the side of the road.

The appeal came when Attorney Lewis finished his cross-examination. Lewis laid down his notes and walked over to where Healis stood on the stand.

"Mr. Healis," began the attorney, his rich voice low and full of pleading, "Dr. Mohr had always been a kind, considerate employer, had he not?"

"Yes, sir."

"He hired you because he thought you would make a careful driver for himself and his children, didn't he?"

"Yes, sir."

"He told you that he had paid you your salary that very afternoon and you had it in your pocket. He placed his life in your keeping; he had faith in you. Tell me, Mr. Healis, did you stop that car on a dark road at night that some one might creep up from behind and shoot him to death. Did you do it? Did you do it?"

There was a moment of intense, strained silence. Every one leaned forward to hear the answer. Healis' lips twitched and a sickly smile spread over his face, but he replied, his lips barely moving, his voice barely audible:

"Yes, sir."

"Are you an Indian?" asked Lewis after the tension had relaxed.

"Part Indian," was the answer, and Lewis turned away. He had failed to shake the famous Healis "confession" in any of its essentials.

Confused and bewildered by Attorney Fitzgerald's cannondome of questions, which came later, Healis, nevertheless, held fast to the main details of his story.

Time after time Healis was dazed and stood dumb. Time after time the state's attorneys rushed to his aid. Question after question he answered with "I don't understand" and "I don't remember."

He was tricked again and again, and on the minor details of his story. If so they might be called, tripped himself. He admitted that the state's attorney had sent him over his story again and again.

Healis testified that Mrs. Mohr had pleaded with him an hour before the murder, saying: "This is our last chance. Don't be afraid; say it was a hold-up."

Healis cringed as Lewis made him tell how he stooped over the engine that the assassins' bullets might not strike him.

Miss Florence Ormsbee, Mohr's office clerk, on the stand Thursday declared that on Aug. 1 Mrs. Mohr told her she would shoot at the doctor and Miss Burger in the automobile, and it she missed them she would throw a brick at Miss Burger's face.

George W. Hooks admitted that although Mrs. Mohr had sent him a card and a letter threatening to kill his sister-in-law, Miss Burger, "the other woman" in the murder case, he never warned Miss Burger.

The accused woman broke down Tuesday and cried when seeing the blood-soaked clothing of her husband as a witness identified it and the various lawyers examined it closely to see the bullet marks.

Money, watches, diamonds, rings, other jewelry, an opened pay envelope—a total value of \$500—all were spread out for the witnesses to identify as the effects removed from the dying man's pockets and for the jury to inspect if they wished.

Friday's testimony brought out evidence from police officials as to confessions alleged to have been made by the negro defendants.

By an agreement with other heirs, Mrs. Mohr will receive the interest on one-third of the estate and wealth left by her husband.

The two-thirds left after Mrs. Mohr has been apportioned her share will be evenly divided among four. They are: Charles M. Mohr and Mrs. Ernest Marr of Baltimore, children by a former marriage of the doctor, and Charles F. Jr., and Virginia Mohr, the younger children whose mother is now on trial.

Lawyers for both sides have made a firm agreement that there shall be no future contest of claims in court.

Six Negroes Whisked From Jail  
Sylvester, Ga., Jan. 21.—Six negroes held in connection with the recent killing of Sheriff Marshall of Lee county were taken from the Worth county jail here last night by a mob and carried away in automobiles. They had been brought here from Milledgeville, Ga., for safe keeping.

# VILLA TRAPPED IN MOUNTAINS

Fifty of His Followers Are Immediately Disposed of

## FRANCISCO VILLA

El Paso, Tex., Jan. 21.—Francisco Villa has been captured by Carranza troops, is under sentence of death and within twenty-four hours may be executed as an outlaw, under the proclamation issued by General Carranza, head of the de facto government of Mexico.

Villa's feeling message to Carranza, "Come and get me," was quickly answered by the capture of the bandit and the rest of his followers yesterday.

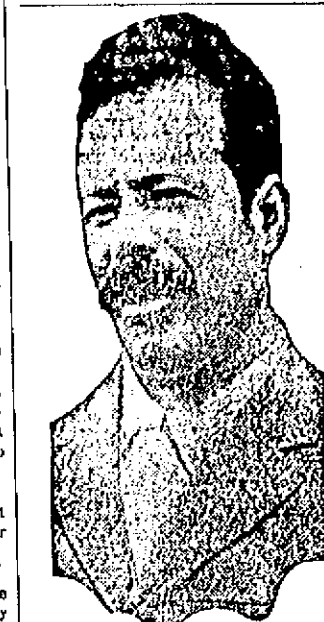


Photo by American Press-Association. FRANCISCO VILLA

With Villa were captured about fifty of his followers. The rest of the band, it is reported, were all executed immediately after capture. The Carranza force was not strong enough to hold them all, and it was feared that an attempt at escape by Villa or his men, or a rescue by other roving bandit bands, might liberate the captives. To the last man, therefore, Villa's men were lined up and shot in summary fashion.

## KILLS HIS SWEETHEART

Young Man, Thought to Have Been Jealous, Then Commits Suicide

Providence, Jan. 18.—Crowell Whittier, 22, shot and killed his sweetheart, Melissa M. Hudlong, 22-year-old daughter of James A. Hudlong, well-known business man of this city, and then fired two bullets into his own head. He died a short time afterward.

So far as known the couple were not engaged. The police declare the girl had other young men friends, of whom Whittier, they believe, became insanely jealous.

## ROBBERY THE MOTIVE

Recluse Who Was Found in Ruins of Burned Home Was Murdered

Hopkinton, R. I., Jan. 21.—Thomas D. Main, whose body was found in the ruins of his home, which was burned on the night of Dec. 21, met his death by violence, according to a report filed in the superior court by Coroner Spencer.

Main, who lived alone, kept large sums of money in his house, it is said, and robbery is believed to have been the motive.

## Boy Kills His Chum

Lawrence, Mass., Jan. 17.—Albert Ruggiero, 10, shot and killed his playmate, Frank Di Fusco, 10, while they were playing at war. As Medical Examiner Bow has pronounced the death of Di Fusco due to accidental shooting it is thought no charge will be made against Ruggiero.

## Seaport Swept by Fire

Christiania, Jan. 17.—A third of the city of Bergen, a thriving Norwegian seaport with a population of 80,000, was destroyed by fire. No lives were lost, but 2000 persons are homeless. The property damage is estimated at \$15,000,000.

## Population of Empire State

Albany, Jan. 18.—Nearly 10,000,000 persons, 9,687,741 to be exact, live in New York state, according to the report of the enumeration of the state census taken last June, and submitted to the legislature last night.

## Mrs. Panthurst's Admitted

Washington, Jan. 19.—Mrs. Emmeline Panthurst, the British suffragist leader, detained by New York immigration authorities, was ordered admitted to the United States unconditionally.

## Woman Hangs Babies and Self

Lyons, N. Y., Jan. 21.—Mrs. Edwin Payne, 31, hanged her 1-year-old daughter, her 2-year-old son and herself with three separate pieces of clothesline in her home at Albany.

## When Russian Soldiers May Rest

Petrograd, Jan. 21.—Russian soldiers wounded for the third time are not sent back to the front, according to a new army ruling.

## House Off For Paris

London, Jan. 21.—Having concluded his conferences with prominent British officials, Edward M. House, personal representative of President Wilson, departed for Paris today. All he would say concerning his stay here was that he had seen everyone he wished to see.

# FRESH FIGHTING IN BESSARABIA

Hand-to-Hand Encounters Are Reported in Several Places

## BATTLE NEAR ALONG TIGRIS

Hemmed-In British and Relief Column to Fight Turks—Nothing Known About New Operations in Montenegro—Constantine Addresses an Appeal to United States

London, Jan. 21.—Another great Russian offensive is in full operation in Bessarabia.

It seems now that what Vienna described two days ago as the end of the new Russian campaign was simply a lull in the operations so that Russia could bring more troops to the battle front. The latest official report from Vienna says the Russians are making violent attacks over a wide front.

That the renewal of the offensive here is of a sanguinary character is indicated by the Austrian official report, which says that between Tabor and Boyan the Russians at several places succeeded in entering the trenches of the Austrians and engaged the defenders in hand-to-hand encounters.

In addition to the naval artillery and mining operations on the western line in France and Belgium, the British have essayed an infantry attack against the Germans, north of Froelighen. Berlin reports that the attack was put down.

Announcement was made in the British house of commons that the British column coming up the Tigris valley to the relief of Kut-el-Amara is in close touch with the Turks at Esia, seven miles from Kut-el-Amara. This region doubtless soon will be the scene of a big battle between the relief column and the British garrison in Kut-el-Amara and the Ottoman forces.

Although it has been officially announced that fighting has been resumed between the Austrians and Montenegrins, no news concerning the details of the new operations has come through. King Nicholas is declared to be at Podgoritz with his troops.

Emperor William has returned to Germany after a visit to the Balkans.

King Constantine of Greece, in an interview, which the censor of the allies held up for a week and released together with a statement from an unknown "high authority," makes a loud wall against the situation in which he now finds himself and his country.

Constantine makes a protest through the press of the United States, which, he said, was the only forum of public opinion open to him, against the recent action of the allies in their operations at Saloniki, in blowing up the bridge at Demir Hissar and in occupying Corfu and other islands which Greece claims.

He said the plea of military necessity advanced by the allies was like that given by Germany for invading Belgium and Luxembourg. It is the merest cant, the king declares, for Great Britain and France to talk about the violation of the neutrality of Belgium and Luxembourg in view of what they had done and are doing themselves.

King Constantine said he believed that it would be very difficult if not impossible to conquer Germany in a military way, if economic exhaustion did not force her to sue for peace. He expressed finally the opinion that the war would end in a draw.

"High authority," in reply to the king's statements, denies any parallel between the German invasion of Belgium and Luxembourg and contends that the temporary use of certain points in Greece does not constitute an occupation, properly speaking, particularly as use of them was made for the most part with the tacit consent of Greece. During the recent months also, he added, the Greek government permitted Germans and Austrians to violate its neutrality by using the Greek coasts and islands as a base for provisioning their submarines.

## Death of Movie Star

Philadelphia, Jan. 20.—Arthur V. Johnson, 39, a motion-picture actor, until recently leading man and director for the Lubin studio, died at his home here following a nervous breakdown, attributed to overwork.

## Fire Destroys High School Building

Chicopee, Mass., Jan. 18.—A fire of suspicious nature burned to the ground the high school building, causing a loss of \$150,000 to \$200,000. The building stood in an isolated spot and there were no houses near.

## Six Deaths in Flood

Los Angeles, Cal., Jan. 20.—The flood situation is still menacing in southern California and large sections of Arizona. Six persons have been drowned and enormous property loss inflicted.

## Oklahoma Shows Great Speed

Rockland, Me., Jan. 17.—A speed of 21.47 knots was reached by the superdreadnought Oklahoma in one mile of her standardization runs off Owl's Head.

The sum of \$111,173.65 was spent for political purposes by candidates and political committees in the primary and election campaigns in Massachusetts last fall.

John T. Locke and Herbert C. Locke, brothers, of Lowell, Mass., pleaded guilty to larceny from the Boston and Maine and were sentenced to two years each in prison.

# AWAITS REPORT OF COURT OF INQUIRY

Daniel's Not Satisfied With Findings in E-2 Explosion

Washington, Jan. 20.—The findings of the naval board of inquiry which made a preliminary investigation to determine the cause of the explosion aboard submarine E-2 at the New York navy yard are regarded by Secretary Daniels as inconclusive, and he will await the report of the naval court of inquiry.

The board held that the explosion was due to gas generated by the new Edison storage battery and ignited by a spark.

The question of the future use of the Edison batteries on submarines may depend upon the outcome of the report of the court of inquiry.

## SOCIALISTS ARE TOO SLOW

Helen Keller Enrolls Herself in the Ranks of the I. W. W.

New York, Jan. 17.—Helen Keller has joined the I. W. W. More than that, she has advanced so far in her ideas of industrial progress that she believes the only real solution of the problem is in revolution.

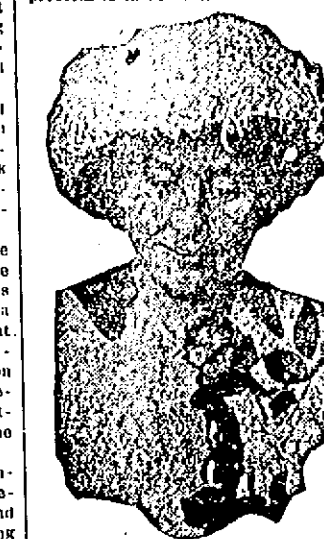


Photo by American Press-Association. HELEN KELLER

"I became an I. W. W. because I found out that the Socialist party was too slow," she said. "It is sinking in the political bog. It is almost, if not quite, impossible for the party to keep its revolutionary character as long as it occupies a place under the government and seeks office under it. The government does not stand for interests the Socialist party is supposed to represent."

## GETS RICH ON "BRIDGE"

Instructor of New York's Elite Must Pay \$5000 a Year Alimony

New York, Jan. 20.—The light was turned on "society bridge" when Joseph L. Elwell, known as "the king of bridge," was ordered to pay his wife \$5000 a year alimony and \$1000 lawyer fees.

Elwell, his wife testified, teaches bridge to the women of New York's "400" and finds it both easy and profitable. He often comes home with from \$10,000 to \$15,000 a night after giving a lesson to New York debutantes and matrons, she said, and one night he won \$30,000. He has a country place at Newport and other property, she swore.

## ESCAPED TEUTONS FREED

Immigration Officials Grant Right to Enter United States

Catonsville, Md., Jan. 21.—Four German prisoners of war who escaped from the detention camp at Annerst, N. S., and were detained here after crossing the international line, were released.

A special board of inquiry gave them a hearing and determined their right to enter the United States. They passed the examination and fulfilled all ordinary immigration requirements.

One of the men, 18, under indictment on a charge of manslaughter and who was to have been tried this week, died at Pittsfield, Mass., of pneumonia.

# BLOTCHES BURNED TERRIBLY ON FACE

Rubbed and Made Itching More Painful. Constantly Irritated. Face Was Badly Disfigured.

## HEALED BY CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

"My skin trouble began six months ago. At that time I had only a few pimples on my face and forehead. They were in blotches on my face and they itched and burned terribly and at times I rubbed my face but this made the itching more painful. The pimples on my forehead were disfiguring and they were constantly irritated. For two months my face was badly disfigured."

"I sent for a sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and after using it I bought a cake of Soap and a box of Ointment. In less than two months after I used two cakes of Soap and two boxes of Ointment I was healed." (Signed) David H. Schuminsky, 17 Bedford St., Hartford, Conn., Oct. 29, '15.

Sample Each Free by Mail With 32-p. Skin Book on request. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston." Sold throughout the world.

# MANY A MAN

## In Good Circumstances

puts off saving a portion of his income until his days are well spent, and his earning capacity decreases. It is expedient to save now and deposit in the bank each week a portion of your income. We will be pleased to receive your account, and will allow you a liberal rate of interest on your deposits. 4 per cent. Interest Paid on Participation Accounts.

# INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANY

Office with Newport Trust Company.

## REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF

# The National Exchange Bank.

At Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business, December 31, 1915.

## RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	\$384,134.51
Overdrafts, Unsecured	27.44
U. S. Bonds deposited to secure circulation (par value)	10,000.00
Total bonds, securities, etc.	10,027.44
Subscription to stock of Federal Reserve Bank	5,000.00
Amount unpaid	(4,950.00)
Banking House	25,000.00
Other Real Estate owned	2,000.00
Due from Federal Reserve Bank	2,000.01
Due from approved reserve agents in New York, Chicago, and St. Louis	13,917.14
Due from approved reserve agents in other cities (reserve cities)	4,802.71
Due from banks and bankers (other than above)	14,742.43
Exchange for clearing houses	1,112.21
Outstanding checks and other cash items	4,111.44
Fractional currency	1,762.83
Notes of other National Banks	10,200.01
Coin and certificates	81,004.75
Legal tender notes	9,573.88
Rhode Island fund with U. S. Treasurer	5,000.00
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>\$690,753.91</b>

## LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	\$100,000.00
Surplus fund	65,332.91
Undivided profits	10,875.46
Dividends unpaid	10,750.00
Due to approved reserve agents in New York, Chicago and St. Louis	1,252.27
Due to banks and bankers (other than above)	74,211.35
Fully paid deposits subject to check	2,201.00
Certificates of deposit due in less than 90 days	419,457.88
Certified checks	37,122.34
	422.41
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>\$690,753.91</b>

## STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

County of Newport, ss.: I, Geo. H. Proud, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of January, 1916.

Correct Attest: EDWARD S. PROCKHAM, EDWARD A. BROWN, FREDERICK D. COGGESWELL, Directors.

County of Newport, ss.: I, Geo. H. Proud, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of January, 1916.

Correct Attest: EDWARD S. PROCKHAM, EDWARD A. BROWN, FREDERICK D. COGGESWELL, Directors.

County of Newport, ss.: I, Geo. H. Proud, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of January, 1916.

Correct Attest: EDWARD S. PROCKHAM, EDWARD A. BROWN, FREDERICK D. COGGESWELL, Directors.

County of Newport, ss.: I, Geo. H. Proud, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of January, 1916.

Correct Attest: EDWARD S. PROCKHAM, EDWARD A. BROWN, FREDERICK D. COGGESWELL, Directors.

County of Newport, ss.: I, Geo. H. Proud, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of January, 1916.

Correct Attest: EDWARD S. PROCKHAM, EDWARD A. BROWN, FREDERICK D. COGGESWELL, Directors.

County of Newport, ss.: I, Geo. H. Proud, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of January, 1916.

Correct Attest: EDWARD S. PROCKHAM, EDWARD A. BROWN, FREDERICK D. COGGESWELL, Directors.

County of Newport, ss.: I, Geo. H. Proud, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of January, 1916.

Correct Attest: EDWARD S. PROCKHAM, EDWARD A. BROWN, FREDERICK D. COGGESWELL, Directors.

County of Newport, ss.: I, Geo. H. Proud, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of January, 1916.

Correct Attest: EDWARD S. PROCKHAM, EDWARD A. BROWN, FREDERICK D. COGGESWELL, Directors.

County of Newport, ss.: I, Geo. H. Proud, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of January, 1916.

Correct Attest: EDWARD S. PROCKHAM, EDWARD A. BROWN, FREDERICK D. COGGESWELL, Directors.

County of Newport, ss.: I, Geo. H. Proud, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of January, 1916.

Correct Attest: EDWARD S. PROCKHAM, EDWARD A. BROWN, FREDERICK D. COGGESWELL, Directors.

County of Newport, ss.: I, Geo. H. Proud, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of January, 1916.

Correct Attest: EDWARD S. PROCKHAM, EDWARD A. BROWN, FREDERICK D. COGGESWELL, Directors.

County of Newport, ss.: I, Geo. H. Proud, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of January, 1916.

Correct Attest: EDWARD S. PROCKHAM, EDWARD A. BROWN, FREDERICK D. COGGESWELL, Directors.

County of Newport, ss.: I, Geo. H. Proud, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of January, 1916.

Correct Attest: EDWARD S. PROCKHAM, EDWARD A. BROWN, FREDERICK D. COGGESWELL, Directors.

County of Newport, ss.: I, Geo. H. Proud, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of January, 1916.

Correct Attest: EDWARD S. PROCKHAM, EDWARD A. BROWN, FREDERICK D. COGGESWELL, Directors.

County of Newport, ss.: I, Geo. H. Proud, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of January, 1916.

Correct Attest: EDWARD S. PROCKHAM, EDWARD A. BROWN, FREDERICK D. COGGESWELL, Directors.

County of Newport, ss.: I, Geo. H. Proud, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of January, 1916.

Correct Attest: EDWARD S. PROCKHAM, EDWARD A. BROWN, FREDERICK D. COGGESWELL, Directors.

Winter Vacations in the  
**White Highlands**  
Of New England  
Invigorating snow and ice sports; the thrilling mile-long sloop on bob-sled or toboggan; snow-shoeing or skiing; skating, hockey, curling, ice-boating, on mountain lakes.  
For booklet "An Outdoor Enthusiast" write to Advertising Department, New Haven.  
New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.

**Chafing Dishes**  
With an ALCOHOL LAMP With ELECTRICITY!  
you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.  
you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the food.  
We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today.  
BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.

## THE IRON MAIDEN.

Her Dread Embrace Meant Cruel and Certain Death.

In an ancient tower at Norwiche, a strange figure is shown to visitors. It is called the Elsieie Jungfrau (Iron Maiden) because it looks like a woman dressed in rusty iron. At about the waist are two handles by means of which the front of the figure is opened on hinges, like two doors, from the chin down, leaving the face unobscured.

The heavy and massive doors lathe inside with spikes as sharp as daggers, about twenty of which point inward toward the chest and two of which, longer than the others, are fixed inside the face behind the eyes.

The Elsieie Jungfrau was an instrument of execution reserved for shameless women. When one of these was condemned to death she was placed inside the figure, and the doors were closed. This forced the spikes into her vital organs and through her eyes into her brain. Death was quick or slow, according to the speed with which the doors were closed.

The face of the figure is a trapdoor. When the doors were opened and the victim freed from the spikes the trapdoor was sprung and her body dropped through a deep hole into a torrent that still flows under the castle. A tip of a few pennies will have the hole lighted with electric lamps, and the visitor can look down and see the dark water, thus completing the tragedy in his imagination.—New York World.

## SNAILS AS FOOD.

They Are as Nourishing as Calf's Foot Jelly and Easy to Raise.

"All snails are edible and nutritious," says Canon Horsley in a book on British land and fresh water mollusks. He goes on to say that even the common or garden snail, though insipid, is as nourishing as calf's foot jelly.

There is a large white-shelled snail called *Helix pomatia* that is commonly eaten by connoisseurs in the south of England, while all over France, Italy and Spain several species are used as food. In France there are many snail farms which yield a good profit to their owners. In the French and Italian quarters of New York snails may be brought either alive or cooked, and at most of the French restaurants they are served, "escargots farcis" being the most usual form of the dish. Snails are easy to raise in large quantities. They need time for making their shells, but they do not have to be fed, as they can find their own food, which is exclusively the leaves of many plants. They are most delicious when properly prepared and cooked and, as Canon Horsley says, as nourishing as calf's foot jelly.

## Saving the Suffix.

Hex Bench tells how in the early days of the gold excitement in Alaska there came a young German from Illinois who, after prospecting for awhile, settled in Sika.

His name was Henry F. Almondinger, and, wishing to Americanize himself as much as possible, he applied to the proper authority for permission to change his name to Henry F. Almond.

A few days later a man named John Smith applied to the same authority, and, after reciting a long catalogue of the ills to which he was subject owing to his unfortunately common name, he said in conclusion:

"And whereas I have noticed that you have curtailed the name of Henry F. Almondinger to H. F. Almond and have not disposed of the 'inger' which seems to be lying around loose, I respectfully request that the same may be added to my name."—Chicago Tribune.

## Collapsible Stage Scenery.

Pneumatic scenery and stage settings are now used in an endeavor to make them more realistic and at the same time conserve the possibilities and convenience of the present type of flat and built up paper and wood forms. This is made of a rubberized fabric and so arranged that it may be inflated quickly and moved about with ease. The idea has been worked out in reproducing trees upon the stage, with the result that they appear very real from a short distance. A very large oak tree may be collapsed and packed in a small space for shipment.

## Demonstrations Compared.

"You mustn't neglect your studies for athletics," "That's what father says," replied the young man. "But father never gets up and cheers when he hears me quelling Latin the way he does when he sees me playing football."—Washington Star.

## She'd Notice It.

"Look here," said the husband. "You mustn't complain that way. Remember, at least, that I have to foot all the bills."

"Yes, you foot them," retorted the wife. "You kick at every single one of them."—Sissy Stories.

## Appropriate.

Little Johnny—Dad, there's a girl at our school whom we call Postscript. Dad—Postscript? What do you call her Postscript for? Little Johnny—Cos her name is Adeline Moore.—Exchange.

## Indoor Occupation.

"You must take an interest in outdoor sports," said the physician. "I do," replied the indolent citizen. "They provide my main reading every day."—Washington Star.

The hearts of men are their books; events are their readers; great actions are their eloquence.—Macaulay.

## A Good Reason.

"What makes you think, sir, that I will not be able to support your daughter?" "Well, I haven't been able to myself."

The men of brains sees difficulties, surmounts or avoids them. The fool knows no difficulties.—La Bruyere.

## MINING TIMBER.

Beds of Prehistoric Trees Under the Earth's Surface.

You know all about mining, or, at least, you know the sort of things that are obtained from the depths of the earth, such as gold, iron, coal, salt and precious stones. Did you ever hear of mining timber? The chances are that you did not, and yet there was a time when the mining of white cedar was one of the most important industries of New Jersey.

Those who delved in the swampy earth in pursuit of the great and perfectly preserved logs were not compelled to dig deep pits, for the trunks of those prehistoric trees were seldom more than fifteen feet below the surface. Many of the logs were as much as six feet in diameter, and one was found with 1,081 annual rings. Beneath this tree, which had diminished in its native forest for more than a thousand years, there was dug up another tree of an even earlier forest with more than 700 rings.

New Jersey is by no means the only state in the Union or the only part of the world where prehistoric trees are to be found so perfectly preserved that even their characteristic odor is retained. Near Salem, O., a large quantity of timber was dug up at a depth of forty feet, the trees felled in a thick layer of glacial mud, and it is nothing uncommon in eastern Michigan for the diggers of wells to encounter tree trunks sixty feet down in the soft earth. The wood thus obtained is the best wood to be had, especially for fine cabinet work. In Germany it has long been the custom to dredge the deep bed of the Rhine for ancient logs, out of which the cases of the finest tuned pianos are constructed.—Exchange.

## ENGLISH SPELLING.

Consider, If You Please, the Words Victual and Tongue.

Were you ever perplexed by English spelling? But what a foolish question! The rest of the world is agreed that the man who insists he is never at a loss for the correct spelling of a word is a prevaricator of the nth degree. But how did our speech happen to be thus encumbered? The French use countless silent letters, but there is such a system about their literature that it can be mastered by the average mind. German is absolutely phonetic, as are most of the Romance languages. Greek was pronounced as it was spelled, and Latin is simplicity itself for all that the classical scholars disagree as to the sounds of the vowels and a few of the consonants.

Mme. Bernhardt when she was urged to present her plays in the speech of the American people declared, "English is not a language; it is violent exercise, and its spelling is impossible." Many a schoolboy and girl will agree with her. What justification is there for such a word as "victual," which must be pronounced just as it was in the days when it was spelled v-i-t-t-a-l? And, while we are on the subject of our native tongue, how shall we justify t-o-n-g-u-e, a spelling that is monstrous in the light of the language's development? Up to the beginning of the nineteenth century that word was t-u-n-g, with here and there a pedantic faddist who put on airs when he wrote t-u-n-g-u-e. Our accepted spelling is an imitation of the French "langue" just as victual is an imitation of the Latin "victualia," handed down by half-baked scholars.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

## Went Back on His Authority.

Leslie Stephen's single meeting with Freeman, the historian, was in the nature of a collision. "I came in contact with him only once," he said. "He wrote a life of Alfred for the Dictionary of National Biography under my editorship, but declined to do more because we had a difference of opinion as to whether Athelstan should be spelled with an 'A.' That was, I confess, a question to which I was culpably indifferent, but I had taken competent advice, and my system (I forget what it was) had been elsewhere sanctioned by the great historian Stubbs. Now, as Freeman was never tired of asserting the infallibility of Stubbs, I innocently thought that I might take refuge behind so eminent an authority. The result was that for once Freeman blasphemed Stubbs and refused to cooperate any longer in an unscholastic enterprise."

## Honest Praise.

An honest compliment was that paid to M. de Vendome, who, while commanding the French army in Italy, dispatched a young nobleman to announce to his master the victory which he had gained at Suzara. The latter while attempting to describe the battle became several times much confused in his narrative, when, although the king preserved his gravity, the Duchess of Burgundy, who was present, laughed so heartily that at last the young gentleman said, "Sir, it is easier for M. de Vendome to win a battle than for me to describe it."

## He Knew Her.

She—Reggie, dear, there is something of the old time loveleft in your eyes tonight—something about you that reminds me of those sweet days of long ago. I hope you have—

He—Yes, I have a little left. How much do you want this time?

## Household Minerals.

Gold, silver, copper, quicksilver or mercury, iron, nickel, tin, zinc, lead and aluminum are the ten minerals generally to be found in every house.

## Professional Caution.

Burglar—Just acquitted, to his lawyer—I will drop in soon and see you. Lawyer—Very good, but in the day-time, please.—Boston Transcript.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

## ON GETTING STUNG.

Not Socially Nor Financially, but the Real Hornet Thing.

Ever get stung? Or, rather, who hasn't, says the North Carolina state board of health—"both with bees and otherwise. Hives like the mischief, doesn't it—both getting stung by bees and getting stung otherwise? For either kind of getting stung prevention is better than cure, and discretion is the best part of valor."

That, diplomacy and good judgment will ward off many instances of getting stung in the social world as well as in the insect world. We offer no panacea or remedy for the former, but for the latter, seriously speaking, much can be done.

The first impulse in the case of an insect sting is to strike the offending insect, and in doing so in most cases we usually tear the insect away from its sting, leaving the sting in the flesh. It is the irritating poison on the sting that hurts so badly and causes such swelling, so the very first thing to do is to remove the sting if left in the flesh. Use a knife point or needle for this purpose. Then, don't scratch or rub the sting. That only makes bad matters worse. Apply a few drops of weak ammonia or spirits of camphor or ordinary flannel as quickly as possible.

The poison from hornet stings is soluble in alcohol, and therefore if the spot is gently bathed or washed in alcohol some relief is obtained. Finally, if ammonia, camphor, iodine or alcohol is not available, gently rubbing a piece of wet soap over the sting helps the situation out somewhat. Always remember, however, that the most important first aid is to remove the offending sting and that prevention is better than cure.

## SAVE THE VOICE.

Do Not Sing Nor Talk When Suffering From Throat Fatigue.

Fatigue injures the voice. Excessive use of the voice weakens its carrying power. From overuse or improper use of the voice a chronic pharyngitis develops. Every one knows the symptoms of overuse of the voice. The voice is husky, and its use is followed by distress. There is an increase in secretion and a constant desire to clear the throat, and there are disagreeable sensations, as fullness, tickling and the like. After a long day of shopping, sightseeing or one's daily routine of work, it is quite common to be troubled by hoarseness, which does not indicate a "cold," but is merely fatigue of parts which produce the voice.

The muscular system all over the body is tired, relaxed. The throat, being a muscular structure, shares in this fatigue, and it should never be used for any particular purpose, like singing or reciting, until the whole body is rested. If one has arranged to use the voice at the close of the day or at any other time, it should not be when suffering from fatigue.

Public speakers and singers take care of their voices and never willingly use them long enough at a time to weaken them. Singing only one song extra may hurt the voice enough to impair its clearness, and frequent overdoing may result in a permanent weakness. Rest before using the voice and taking care not to use it too long when singing or speaking saves the voice and keeps it clear and sweet and gives it carrying power.

## Light and the Blind.

Light has use, even if men cannot or will not see it. Baring-Gould tells of an institution for the blind that was built in England without windows. "Why," argued the committee, "should we provide windows for those that cannot see out of them?" So scientific ventilation and heating were provided, but the walls were left unplastered by any pane of glass.

But soon the poor inmates grew pale, and a great languor fell upon them. They were restless and dissatisfied. They fell sick, and one or two died. Then it was that the committee decided to open windows in the walls. In came the healing light, and the human plants responded to it at once in revived spirits, ruddy cheeks and restored health. Light is good, the light of the world is good, even for those who shut their eyes.—Christian Herald.

## Luck In Name Only.

Lutsk, or Luck, to give it the Polish name, is another of the towns of eastern Europe which can point to a checkered history. It is traditionally said to have been founded in the seventh century. Four hundred years later it had developed into the capital of an independent principality. After a further lapse of four centuries we find it a wealthy place and the seat of a bishopric. But evil times awaited it. During the Russo-Polish wars of the sixteenth century its 40,000 inhabitants were exterminated, and Lutsk lost its importance.—London Chronicle.

## Delhi's Iron Pillar.

At Delhi there still exists an iron pillar fifty feet high and sixteen inches in diameter, made of fifty pound blooms welded together. This pillar, it is suggested, may be regarded as the dozen among products of the heavy iron industry.

## His Business.

"The dentist should make a good soldier." "Why so?" "He's drilling a good deal of the time."—Boston Transcript.

## Ages of Race Horses.

The age of race horses is taken from the first day of January in the year in which they are born. Thus, a horse foaled in March would be counted as a foal until the following Jan. 1, just the same as an animal born in December.

Idleness is the sepulcher of a living man.—Aristotle.

## OLDEST DEPARTMENT STORE.

It Has Been Doing Business in Tokyo Since the Year 1673.

It is somewhat of an anomaly that, while the department store is distinctly a product of the west and has reached its highest development in the United States, the oldest store of this character is to be found in the far east.

Nearly three and a half centuries ago, or, to be entirely accurate, in the year 1673, there was opened in Tokyo, the Japanese capital, a retail dry goods business, which went under the firm name of Yenchikyo. In the course of time the store came to be known as the Mitsui Dry Goods Store, which name was retained until 1901, when, with some changes in organization, it became the Mitsukoshi Company, Ltd. Throughout its long career the proprietorship of this store has been in the famous Mitsui family, where it still remains.

The Mitsukoshi Company, Ltd., is not only the oldest, but is the largest department store in Japan today. It was the first of the Japanese establishments to introduce western methods of doing business and to adopt up-to-date appliances. In the beginning the store dealt exclusively in cotton and silk goods, but gradually increased its assortment of stock until today it carries every description of merchandise to meet the wants of all classes of people.

## VANISHING GOLD.

What Has Become of All That Precious Metal That Has Been Mined?

What becomes of gold? Where is all of that yellow metal that has been mined?

It is one of the oldest metals in human use. There are gold beads dating back to the stone age. It is an object of almost universal desire. It is proof against almost all the influences which destroy other metals, and it has been mined in enormous quantities. Yet today more than two-thirds of the gold in use has been dug since 1840.

What becomes of the rest? Where is the gold that set Jason wandering into the Black sea, that filled the treasure chests of Croesus, that paid the terrific tribute which Persian kings assessed against the Punjab? What has happened to the yellow dust and "electrum"—an alloy of gold and silver—which negro traders brought down the Nile to Egypt for 4,000 or 5,000 years? Ancient gold, like that of modern times, was used for money and for ornaments, but both have disappeared. Where?

The most enduring of metals and yet the most evanescent, perpetually sought and yet constantly escaping the hands of even the successful seeker—that is gold. What is the reason for its curious elusiveness?—Chicago Journal.

## Silk Culture in Italy.

About 500 A. D. Persian monks first brought silkworm eggs concealed in the head of a hollow staff to Constantinople. Thence silk culture spread in Italy to Greece. A little later conquest carried it to Sicily. From there to Italy it was but a step. Soil, climate, people, suited it. The industry took root, grew, thrived and continues to this day.

The thrifty peasant manages to get silk and oil and wine from the same small holding. First he plants his mulberry trees, sixteen feet each way. Next he prunes the heads into a hollow cup and trains his vines all over them, and finally around the edge he sets a shelter of olive trees. So all seasons bring him labor and the reward of it.—London Standard.

## Solubility of Gold.

Gold is one of the group of metals soluble only in that mixture of nitric and hydrochloric acids known as aqua regia. It has been found, however, that the presence of certain organic compounds renders gold soluble in hydrochloric acid. Thus a mixture of this acid and chloroform is found to be a solvent. Ethyl, or ordinary alcohol, methyl alcohol and amyl alcohol are among the other substances which give to hydrochloric acid the power of dissolving gold. The solution takes place slowly in the cold acid and more quickly on heating.

## Doesn't Advise.

"You take a cheerful view of life, I hope," remarked the optimistic person. "Not enough to notice," replied the individual with a frown.

"You jest with me."

"I said, 'Not enough to notice.' I sometimes feel moderately cheerful, but I don't believe that makes it incumbent on me to go about wearing a fatuous smile and shouting, 'Oh, be joyful!'"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

## Saw His Finish.

"Oh, oh," exclaimed impatient Mrs. Naggs, "I've bitten off the end of my tongue!" "Well, I certainly feel sorry for myself," rejoined the heartless Naggs. "Hereafter there will be no end to your tongue."

## Venezuela.

Venezuela received its name from the early explorers. Its coast was visited by Columbus in 1498, and the following year the name Venezuela ("Little Venice") was given to an Indian village built on piles seen by Ojeda and Amerigo Vesputi.

## Great Relief.

"Law books are very dry." "Still, I enjoy reading them occasionally. They're free from slang anyhow."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of J. C. H. Fletcher.

## FUN AND THE DRAMA.

Has the Public Turned Away From the Classics of the Theater?

Wherever they come into competition in the American theater today happily yields to comedy and melodrama to survive. Even in the "movies" fun must have sway or the public complains.

That once great public of theater goers who sat through and applauded the woes and emotions, the loves and sorrows and desperate adventures of the heroes and heroines of the legitimate drama, who loved acting for its own sake and gloried in the enormous expenses of the great folk of the stage, seem now agreed that no theatrical attraction is a good show unless it "lanks them a laugh."

Real plays nowadays are banished to small theaters. Here foregather a few of the old guard, devotees of the ancient and honorable art of acting, a few students of dramatic literature, a hundred of the elect drawn from the millions of the largest cities—like an old family of aristocrats who have seen better days. But the masses do not want the literature, the art, the classics of the theater.

To stir the imagination, to touch the heart, to stimulate thought, to put wisdom and heroism into contact with mankind—all of these old and earnest motives of the theater have passed or are passing into the dim and dusty "property room."

To be amused, to be jolted out of all serious thought, to be distracted from every hard facet of life—that is what the show-going public of America wants now. That is what the stage is now for. It is to laugh.—Minneapolis Journal.

## A CURIOUS ANIMAL.

The Sea Cow Gave Rise to the Legend of the Sirens.

The dugong, or sea cow, is a peculiar animal. It resembles the familiar seal, but it has no hair on the body and is more nearly related to the porpoises and whales.

This animal is found on the shores of the Indian ocean, about fifteen degrees on each side of the equator, from East Africa to Australia, and also in the Red sea. It is a marine animal which never ascends the rivers, its food consisting chiefly of seaweed and the algae found in the water. Years ago it was reported to have been found in large herds of several hundred individuals and to have been as fearless as to allow itself to be touched with the hand of man. In recent years, however, it is met with only in twos and threes and has become very shy and wary. Its flesh has been regarded as a delicacy, and it is stated that the Malay kings claim as royal property all those taken within their domain.

Its habit of raising its round head out of the water and its great affection for its young, which it carries under the fore fin, are thought to have given rise to the legend of the mermaid, in allusion to which the name sirenia was given to this order of mammals. It is recorded that it was with the skin of the dugong, or sea cow, that the Jews were directed to veil the tabernacle and not with "badger" skins, as translated in the authorized version of the Bible.—New York Post.

## Posthumous Influence.

The relations between man and man cease not with life. The dead leave behind them their memory, their example and the effects of their actions. Their influence still abides with us; their names and character dwell in our thoughts and hearts; we live and commune with them in their writings; we enjoy the benefits of their labors; our institutions have been founded by them; we are surrounded by the works of the dead; our knowledge and our arts are the fruits of their toil; our minds have been formed by their instructions; we are most intimately connected with them by a thousand dependencies. Those whom we have loved in life are still objects of our deepest and holiest affections. Their power over us remains.—Andrews Norton.

## How to Free the Place of Rats.

"When I was a boy our farm was alive with rats," a contributor tells in Farm and Fireside.

"We noticed the rats were eating the grain and drinking the water of a sitting hen in a corner of the barn. So when the hen hatched and was moved we put strychnine in the water and the first night killed twenty-three rats and the second nineteen."

"Besides this a good many more went away to die. The best way to get rid of rats is to make them accustomed to drink at one place and then poison the water."

## The Real Acme.

"The acme of happiness," gushed the ardent lover, "is to marry the woman you love."

"There's something in that," responded the old married man, "but the main point is to love the woman you marry."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## Behind the Times.

"John was a good man," said the disconsolate widow, "but he was so old fashioned to the last."

"How so?" asked the sympathetic friend.

"Why, he got killed by a runaway horse."—Albany Argus.

## Long Range Pensions.

Uncle Sam's pension system is nothing in its long reach compared to certain pensions that are being paid to European countries.

Only three years ago there died in England the last of the descendants of the man who assisted Charles II. to escape after the battle of Worcester, all of whom had enjoyed substantial pensions throughout their lives for the service their ancestor had rendered his monarch. Admiral Rodney's heirs still draw \$10,000 a year, while the representative of Lord Nelson gets \$25,000 a year because Nelson won the victory of Trafalgar.—New York Sun.

## One Kind of a Platform.

An American gentleman got acquainted with a Frenchman who was very anxious to acquire the English language. The American, in order to help him, said that if he would send his exercises to him he would willingly correct them.

Nothing was heard from the Frenchman for some time, but finally a letter came couched in the following phrase: "Excusez-moi." "In small time I can learn so many English from his textbook and his dictionary as I think I will come to the America and go on the grand old lecture."

## STING OF THE AGY.

A Madagascar Plant That Can Drive Men Mad With Pain.

Among the many peculiar and disconcerting plants and creatures that abound in Madagascar, probably none is more surprising and disconcerting than the agy tree, so called, which is not a tree, but a climbing plant. The following incident, quoted by Mr. James Sibree, F. R. G. S., in "A Naturalist in Madagascar," illustrates the painful result of contact with the agy. The story is told by a Mr. Montgomery.

Walking under some even and pushing aside the reeds and grass, I was startled by a sudden thrilling and prickling sensation over the backs of my hands and fingers. I stopped in sudden surprise, for the pain was severe, and I had touched nothing except the grass. But in another minute the pain increased, the thrilling, burning sensation seemed to be extending rapidly up my wrists, and I could see nothing to cause it. As I lowered my head to look at the plant which was causing me such pain, I saw every instant, I shuddered and howled, I stood a few seconds in helplessness, for I could neither see nor guess at the cause of the terrible distress. Then I got back to my company with my right plain enough on every line of my face.

The men started up when they saw me, crying, "You have been stung by the agy!" Some of them led me to a seat, others rushed for water from the river, and two or three brought and held up in their hands. Then they chafed me with the mud and water to take out the stinging hairs, which they knew caused the mischief. As they rubbed me I felt the pain abate, and after they had chafed me for about a quarter of an hour I was comparatively free from pain. While the men were rubbing me I was able to discern to some extent the cause of my distress. Countless hairs, like tiny arrows, almost transparent, pointed at either end and from a third to a fourth of an inch long and dropped on me in an invisible shower from the agy-tree as I stood under it. Before I came away that afternoon, very cautiously I ventured to examine the tree at a little distance and found that the tiny hairs grow outside a thickish peel or shell not quite so large as a small banana. The peels were fully ripe (luckily for me) just at that time, and the light wind was scattering their coverings.

## STORY OF A MEAN MAN.

The Millionaire Who Refused a Loan to Alexander Dumas.

"The meanest man I ever knew," said Mark Twain to a fellow traveler he met on a shipboard, "lived in Hannibal. He sold his son-in-law the half share of a cow and then refused to give him any milk because he had only sold him the front half."

Well, that story may be apocryphal, although there are lots of men who rise to its standard of meanness, but the following is true: When Alexander Dumas the elder was short of cash he wrote a charming little note to a millionaire who was proclaimed in every paper to be a model of generosity. Dumas ended his letter with some verses, half jocular, half serious. In fact, the letter was a literary gem.

This financier, who respected literary men for their talents, but had little trust in their power or will to pay their debts, refused Dumas's request. The same evening he entertained some men of letters at his mansion, and the conversation turned on the value of autographs.

"Have such trifles a commercial value?" asked the millionaire. "Certainly," replied one of the guests. "A letter by Hugo or Lamartine or Gautier is more than worth its weight in gold."

"And a letter by Dumas—this one, for instance?" "I will give you 5 louis for it?" "Agreed!"

And that generous, flattered millionaire financier, who had been making bargains—and nothing else—all his life, sold for more than 100 francs the letter of Dumas, whom he had refused to oblige in the morning. Could meanness go further?—Pearson's.

## One Way to Cut Brass.

To cut sheet brass chemically the following method meets with great success: Make a strong solution of bichloride of mercury in alcohol. With a quill pen draw a line across the brass where it is to be cut. Let it dry on and with the same pen draw over this line with nitric acid. The brass may then be broken across like glass that has been cut with a diamond.—Exchange.

Recommendation Not Necessary.

"So you're going to leave us, Mary?" "Yes, mum, I've got to."

"And do you want me to give you a letter of recommendation?" "It isn't necessary, mum. The man I'm going to work for is willing to take chances. I'm leavin' to get married."—Detroit Free Press.

## The Spirit of Charity.

"I'm awfully sorry that my engagements prevent my attending your charity concert, but I shall be with you in spirit."

"Splendid! And where would you like your spirit to sit? I have tickets here for \$2.50, \$5 and \$10."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

## One Kind of a Platform.

An American gentleman got acquainted with a Frenchman who was very anxious to acquire the English language. The American, in order to help him, said that if he would send his exercises to him he would willingly correct them.

Nothing was heard from the Frenchman for some time, but finally a letter came couched in the following phrase

# Charles M. Cole, PHARMACIST

202 THAMMIS STREET

Two Doors North of Post Office

NEWPORT, R. I.

J. D. JOHNSTON

Architect and Builder

Plans and Estimates furnished on application. General Jobbing, Mason, Tile and Plaster Work executed with dispatch.

GET YOUR  
ICE CREAM

-AT-

Koschny's

230 &amp; 232 THAMMIS STREET

or at his

Branch Store, 16 Broadway

Cake, Ice Cream

CONFECTIONERY.

STRICTLY FIRST CLASS and PRBS BYH-DA

MICHAEL P. MURPHY

Contractor

AND-

BUILDER

OF MASON WORK,

NEWPORT, R. I.

Filling, Draining and all kinds of Jobbing attended to. Orders left at

Calendar Avenue.

NEWPORT

Transfer Express Co

TRUCKERS

-AND-

General Forwarders

Heavy Trucking a Specialty.

Estimates Given on any Kind of Carriage. Available by Telephone at Any and All the PRINCIPAL OFFICES. 80 Bellevue Ave. BRANCH OFFICE 61, 474 Broadway, New York City. Telephone 71-2, F.

WATER;

ALL PERSONS, desiring to have water introduced into their residence or places of business, should make application to the City Engineer, 200 State Street, New York City. Office Hours from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m. GUY NORMAN, Treasurer.

ASK ANY HORSE

Eureka  
Harness  
Oil

Mica  
Axle  
Grease

Sold by Dealers everywhere  
Standard Oil Co. of New York

Printing  
Perfection  
Is Our Aim

NO one has ever  
been dissatisfied  
with an order ex-  
ecuted by our Job  
Department.  
Neither will you  
be disappointed.

GIVE US A TRIAL

## St. Nicholas Magazine Notes

Many anecdotes of Mark Twain's life as a humorist and writer will appear in the February installment of *St. Nicholas Magazine*. One of them is a story remembered and retold by an old fellow-pilot. "Boys," the great humorist is reported to have said, "I had great presence of mind once. It was a fire. A small man leaned out of a four-story building, calling for help. Everybody in the crowd below looked up, but nobody did anything. The ladder wasn't long enough. Nobody had any presence of mind—nobody but me. I came to the rescue. I yanked for a rope. When it came I threw the old man the end of it. He caught it, and I told him to let it around his waist. He did so, and I pulled him down."

Two Robert Louis Stevenson features are announced to appear in the February *St. Nicholas*. One of the is to be a story, "To Remember Stevenson," dealing with a San Francisco family to whom the famous writer had shown kindness during his stay on the Pacific coast, and introducing the celebration in honor of Stevenson when the memorial monument was unveiled in the Western city. An article on "Treasure Island," the story of the romance and the play, will also appear. It is stated, from the pen of Grace Humphrey, called forth by the present successful dramatization of the popular adventure novel, the article will retell, with a number of illustrations, the story of its origin, how it was first published, and how the poet Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the author of the play and the difficult encounter in trying to find a real pirate ship to put on the stage.

Not only young America but American grown-ups as well will be interested in an illustrated article entitled "When Washington Went Travelling," by H. W. Ogden, announced for the February *St. Nicholas*. Washington traveled far more splendidly than our president of today. His coach, with its crimson-colored sides decorated with panels representing the four seasons, having green velvet blinds at the windows, and bearing the Washington family arms, was drawn by four and often six horses. On long journeys it was followed by a light baggage-wagon and two horses, with four saddle-horses and a led one for himself, and he took with him five servants, coachman, postilion, two footmen, and a valet. Wherever he went the first President was received with splendid public hospitality, and he journeyed through the land, not in the inconspicuous fashion of today but almost in a royal personage. Mr. Ogden, the author of the article, is a well-known illustrator of Revolutionary and Colonial subjects, and it is said that the material employed in his text and pictures represents the accumulated knowledge of many years of work in this special field.

## Black Snake.

Mrs. Morgan had a colored maid named Sarah. One Sunday afternoon the mistress saw Sarah's lover leaving the house in a suit of white flannel. A little later, when the maid appeared, Mrs. Morgan said:

"Sarah, that boy of yours should never wear white. He is very black and white clothes make him appear all the blacker. Why don't you give him a hint?"

"Why, Ma's Morgan," said Sarah, with animation, "I don't give him no hint, but he jes' nat'ally ain't got no sense an' he didn't take 'em."

"Probably you didn't make the hints strong enough," said the mistress.

"Well, no, ma, dat's jes' what I think myself," agreed Sarah, reflectively; "don't believe I did. I jes' looks at him right hard, an' says 'Niggah, yo' sho' do look like a black snake crawl' in on eb' eren, yo' do!' That's jes' all I says to him, Ma's Morgan."—Every-body's.

## Even, Worse if Possible.

Little Jack was inordinately proud of the big round badge which his father had brought home from the automobile show. It had a picture of a famous automobile on one side and a motto in large golden letters on the other.

"Little Jack went to Sunday school. The pastor walked down among the scholars, smiling upon each bright-faced little boy and girl after the town honored fashion of pastors on such errand bent. The badge on the little boy's coat caught his eye.

"No, my son, what have you there?" "That's my golden text," answered Jack eagerly, beaming like a chess-cat.

"Your golden text. That's very nice indeed. And what does it say?" "Little Jack held it up for inspection. The pastor's fatherly smile did not disappear, but you might say it stiffened as he read Jack's golden text:

"Ain't it Hell to Be Poor!"—New York Evening Post.

## Not so Easy.

A Scottish parish chaplain, recently appointed, entered one of the cells on his first round of inspection and thus addressed the prisoner who occupied it: "Well, my man, do you know who I am?"

"No, nor I dinna care," was the nonchalant reply.

"Well, I'm your new chaplain."

"O' ye are! Then I hae heard o' ye before."

"And what did you hear?" returned the chaplain, his curiosity getting the better of his dignity.

"Well, I heard that the last two kirk's ye were in ye preached them baith empty; but I can say we winna find it quite sae easy to do the same with this one."—Tit-bits.

## Not a Candle.

A visitor was being shown over a big cotton mill by the proprietor, who proudly displayed some of the fabrics produced. Holding up a piece of printed calico, he said:

"Our latest pattern. Excellent work, isn't it?"

"It's all right," said the visitor "but you can't hold a candle to the goods we turn out in our works."

"Same line!" asked his host somewhat offended.

"No," replied the other; "ours is gunpowder."

"When you turn over a new leaf," said Uncle Eben, "you got to make up your mind not to notice de people dat insist on huntin' up de back numbers an' makin' remarks."—Washington Star.

"Last Christmas, before their marriage, she gave him a book entitled 'A Perfect Gentleman.'"

"Well," said she, "she gave him 'Wild Animals I Have Known.'"

"Life."

## Judge was on Both Sides.

Judge Sulzberger very sensibly holds to the English opinion that it is a court's duty to get justice even if the judge himself has to interfere. With the contending lawyers. If the judge can throw light upon some dark spot in a case he should do it and not permit lawyers to obscure the light in order to win.

This Philadelphia judge, who unfortunately, will soon leave the bench, enjoys a wide reputation for what lawyers call "butting in." To illustrate, I shall repeat the conversation I heard at a dinner table.

A certain case was mentioned.

"Who tried it?" somebody asked.

"Well," said Lawyer A, "I appeared for the plaintiff, but Judge Sulzberger tried the case."

"Who was on the other side?" queried some one else.

"Lawyer B. won for the defendant, but Judge Sulzberger also tried his case."

When I reported that dialogue to Judge Sulzberger, quick as a flash came this: "It is the duty of the court to appoint counsel where there is none."

Philadelphia Public Ledger.

## Even Uncle Edward Smiled.

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson had "expectations" from their rich old Uncle Edward. So when he came to them on a few days' visit they prepared to do all they could to make a good impression, and commenced by meeting him at the station.

On the way home in the trolley car to a Boston suburb they encountered their only child, also named Edward, to sit on the old gentleman's knee, or, as he was about, as much of it as was available.

Presently the small boy slipped from his perch and dived over to his mother.

"I don't think I want to sit on uncle's knee any more," he said, in his clear treble voice.

"Oh, Teddy, why?" asked mother in shocked tones.

"Teddy eyed his great uncle aggressively.

"Because every time he breathes out he pushes me off!" he complained.

A Successful Memory System.

The late Horace Hutton used to say that having to take a little trouble impresses a fact on anyone's memory so that he would never be able to forget it, says the Youth's companion. In illustration, he would tell this story:

"Our waitress, Maggie, could never remember to put salt on the table, and time after time Mrs. Hutton would remind her to do it. One morning it was absent, as usual, and I said: 'Maggie, where is the salt cellar?'

"It's in the pantry, sir."

"Please bring it in, Maggie," I said kindly.

"Maggie brought it in with a look of wonder on her face."

"Put it right beside the table," I commanded; and when she had done so I added: "Now, I want you to climb up to the top of it, look all over the table and see if there is any salt there."

"Maggie never forgot the salt again."

## The Harriman Way.

The late E. H. Harriman was a stickler for facts stated without any frills. He cared little for an approximate statement. If his employees were asked for information he wanted it definite, or not at all.

While traveling through the cheerless deserts of Nevada one day with a number of officials of the Union Pacific, the train passed a little station with much platform, a black background of sage and juniper, and no habitation in sight.

"What is that station there for?" asked Mr. Harriman of one of the railroad officials with the party.

"They ship a few cattle and two or three cars of wool."

"Which is it, two or three?" snapped Mr. Harriman. "Which is it? There is a difference of thirty-three and a third per cent."

## Simple Method.

"Don't you come across a good many things in the Bible that you don't understand like the problem of Cain's wife, for instance?" queried the layman.

"Oh, yes, of course," acknowledged the clergyman.

"Well, what do you do about it?"

"My dear friend," replied the minister, laying down his fork, "I simply do just as I would while eating a nice fresh herring. When I come to the bone I quietly lay it on one side, and go on enjoying the meal, letting any idiot that insists on choking himself with the bone do so."—Chicago Herald.

The British volunteer army is naturally a little wobbly—brave enough, but a little wobbly in comparison with the highly trained conscript armies of Europe.

The speaker was Alexander Powell, war correspondent. He continued:

"Proofs of the British army's wobbles came from all sorts of directions. Thus they tell about a young territorial who, the first day of his arrival in Boulogne, passed an officer without saluting him."

"I say you!" the officer roared.

"You didn't salute, and I'm going to report you. What company do you belong to?"

"Pale and conscience-stricken, the poor territorial stammered:

"The Westminster Gas Light, Coal and Coke company, sir."—Washington Star.

"Is your husband so very fond of art?"

"Art! He doesn't know a Raphael from a hairnet."

"Why, I understood him to say that he was an art patron."

"Patron? That man wouldn't trade a club sandwich for a Bourgeoisart. What does he mean by calling himself an art patron?"

"Why, he says it costs him \$10,000 a year to pay for the bogus masters the smooth dealers coax you to buy—and that makes him an art patron."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Scene—Police court during dispute over eight-day clock.

Magistrate—Award the clock to the plaintiff.

Defendant—Then what do I get?

Magistrate—I'll give you the eight days.—Stray Stories.

"Say, old man, can you lend me a few dollars?"

"Impossible. I've tried to several times, but you invariably look upon the amount as a gift."—Boston Transcript.

Queenie—Have you ever kissed a girl?

Oswald—Is that an invitation or are gathering statistics?—The Widow.

## All Sorts.

Angry Diner—Waiter, you are not fit to serve a pig!

Waiter—Ain't dat best, sah—Philadelphia Evening Ledger.

A gentleman brought before a rural justice for spending testifies vigorously that he was going only 10 kilometres per hour.

At this the prosecutor looked dubious and the judge cleared his throat and looked grave.

After a whispered consultation the prisoner was discharged. Nobody knew what a kilometer was.

Brown—I should think doctors would be even more tyrannical and autocratic than they are.

Smith—Why not?

Brown—Because all their dealings are with people who are in no condition to fight back.—Life.

"Yes," said the prince who married Cinderella, "my wife has the smallest cat foot in the kingdom."

"Yes."

"But she can put it down as hard as anybody."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Hub—Well, it takes two to make a quarrel, so I'll shut up.

Wife—That's just like a contented man. You'll sit there and think mean things.

"How about your new stenographer? Is she quick and accurate?"

"Yes, sir. She can powder her face, arrange her braids and fix her hair quicker than my stenographer I ever had. And do it accurately, too."—Pittsburgh Post.

Ma—You've been drinking! I smell it on your breath.

Pa—Not a drop. I've been eating frogs' legs. What you smell is the hop.—Harvard Lampoon.

The servant in a suburban family was taken to task for oversleeping last night.

"Well, ma'am," she said, "I sleep very slow and it takes me a long while to get a good night's rest."

"Why don't you go to the washroom and be quiet?"

"You can't be quiet at the washroom. Every time you sit down somebody comes and jerks you to get up and travel because there's a lovely breeze on the other side of the house."—Washington Star.

"How is it you find so many things to shock you?"

"My boy," replied the vocal uplifter, "I've gone into this thing as a business, and I must find them."—Judge.

Bob—As I was saying, Miss Mazie, when I start out to do a thing I stay on the job. I'm no quitter.

Mazie (with a yawn)—Don't I know it.—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

"Captain there are burglars in a house on Uncten street."

"Don't bother me with such stuff." I got to raid a lady's euchre game. I know for a fact that cash prizes are to be played for."—Kansas City Journal.

## Then the Ghost left.

The rector of Anfordisby says he has "ind" a troublesome ghost by the pump and ceremony of solemn exorcism. Archbishop Thompson once accomplished the same feat in a much simpler manner.

Staying in a country house with traditions of a family ghost, he was put up for the night in the "haunted chamber." In the morning his hosts were anxious to know if he had seen anything.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "about 12 o'clock I heard a knock at the door I said, 'Come in, come in.'"

"And who came?"

"Yes, an old fellow looking man."

"Yes, that is our ghost! What did you do?"

"I got out of bed and asked if he belonged to the house. He nodded assent. I asked if he wore a parchment. He nodded again. Then I said, 'I am anxious to build some new schools; will you give me a subscription?' He disappeared, and I saw no more of him!"—London Chronicle.

## FAT AND FORTY.

Some Hints For Stout People Who Wish to Reduce in Weight.

Getting fat means that there is, physically speaking, either an excessive income or a deficient outgo, or both. From this the remedy would appear simple. Theoretically it would be either to limit the income of fat-producing foods or, once they are eaten, burn them up and get rid of them, or both, and presto the change is made in practice, however, after certain habits of eating and living have been indulged in for from thirty to forty years it is not always the easiest thing in the world to form new habits. Only those with abundance of will power will succeed. Jellyfish, with jellyfish backbone and jellyfish determinations, will usually go on resembling more and more the proverbial jellyfish or sack of meal in figure. There is little hope for them.

For those who mean business, however, there is much hope. Much can be accomplished and much more prevented by observing the following suggestions: Drink three glasses of hot water, to which has been added half a lemon, half an hour before eating breakfast.

For breakfast indulge sparingly in baked apples, stewed prunes or similar fruit, omitting cereals, sugar and cream. Let dinner consist very largely of salads and vegetables, such as lettuce, tomatoes, turnips, cabbage, greens, spinach, celery, etc. Let supper consist largely of the same things, being careful to avoid cakes, sweets, mashes, bread, especially fresh bread, or soggy macaroni. Hard toasted graham wheat bread may be tolerated in small amounts.

For the best results it is highly essential that laxative rather than nourishing foods and laxative rather than stimulating foods be eaten.

By all means live, work and sleep in the open air. Burn up all excess adipose tissue by breathing exercises, by walking and by exercising rather severely every day. Get up "a good sweat" every day. Avoid a sluggish, indolent, indifferent life and disposition. Be active mentally and physically. In other words, keep busy.

The Obliging Proprietor.

"Won't you please give me an order?" pleaded the persistent drummer.

"Certainly," replied the crusty proprietor. "Get out!"

## WRITTEN BY CHILDREN.

Some Famous Hymns That Have Gained Their Authors.

Some of the best known hymns in the language have been written by children. Everybody knows "My Faith Looks Up to Thee," a hymn with a unique record. It was the first hymn the author, Dr. May Palmer, ever wrote. It is by far the most popular of his hymns. It was written when he was a mere lad, and he survived its publication and popularity sixty years. It was not made in the year of his birth and has always been sung to the same tune.

One of the best known hymns in the world is "There is a Land of Pure Delight." Yet it was written by Isaac Watts before he reached manhood. It is said that he was staying in the Inn of Wight and looking across to Hampshire when he penned the lines:

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dressed in living green.

That fine soldierly hymn, "Oft In Danger, Oft In Woe, O'ward, Christian, O'ward Go," was actually written by a boy and girl who never saw each other. The boy was poor Henry Kirke White, who died before he reached manhood, and the girl was Frances Fuller-Matthews.

The fact is that when the boy died the little girl was not born. Exactly when Kirke White wrote his verses is not known, for they were found among his papers after his death. He had worked some time in algebra on the same sheet.

Twenty years later the little Frances, fourteen years old, wrote the verses beginning respectively, "Let your drooping hearts be glad," "Let not sorrow dim your eye," and "O'ward, then, to battle move," which made a fine hymn of what was really only a set of verses.

Frances Ridley Havergal wrote one of her best known hymns when she was a girl of fifteen. In fact, it was the first thing of any importance she ever penned. This is the pathetic hymn, "Thy Life Was Given For Me."

It was scribbled on the back of a circular in pencil and first read to an old, bedridden woman who liked it so much that the little girl repeated of her first intention to burn it, and her father wrote the well known tune, Hail, to It.—London Tit-Bits.

## DANGER IN GASOLINE.

This Substance Is Seven Times More Powerful Than Dynamite.

Do you know that gasoline gas is seven times more powerful than dynamite? asks the National Cash Register News in an article on the use of gasoline with safety in the home. Gasoline is a thin, water white liquid which evaporates rapidly and throws off vast quantities of vapor very inflammable and explosive when mixed with air.

Substances like cotton, linen, silk, especially when unwashed and undyed, become more or less electrified when rubbed or moved quickly in a bath of gasoline, the gasoline becoming negatively charged. Gasoline being a bad conductor, the generated electricity accumulates and reaches such tension that sparks are possible, kindling the gasoline and causing fire and explosion.

Weather conditions affect the results decidedly, the dry air of winter being more dangerous than moist summer air. Gasoline explosions in garages are often brought about by static electricity, a fact definitely proved.

In case of the light cans are liable to explode, throwing the burning gasoline all over the premises, thereby augmenting the fire. For this reason gasoline should be stored outside the house, preferably in safety type cans (cans with the wire gauze in neck and spout).

Gasoline used for cleaning should be used outdoors, at least fifty feet from any fire, light or burning substance, never in an enclosed room. The heavy vapors travel long distances and are highly explosive. Never clean gloves on the hands. The rubbing or settling of clothing in gasoline should be accomplished by means of a dry stick.

Gasoline stoves should never be filled with a light or fire within fifty feet of the stove.

## Nitrocellulose.

Cotton in the form of nitrocellulose is the most important component of all military propulsive explosives. Strictly speaking, the raw material used is cotton waste, or the stuff rejected in the manufacture of cotton goods. Jute, ramie, kapok fiber, sulphite pulp, spun cotton and other forms of cellulose, have all been tried, but the only trustworthy material is cotton waste.

## Ferocity of Man.

I recall with horror at the ferociousness of man. Are there no means of coercing justice more gratifying to our nature than a waste of the blood of thousands and of the labor of millions of our fellow creatures?—Thomas Jefferson.

## Easier.

"I'm going to the dentist's to have this tooth out. Just mind the baby till I come back." Husband (with alacrity)—You mind the baby, Jesse. I'll go and get a tooth pulled out—Exchange.

## A Breach.

Binks—Young Mr. Flighthouse is certainly a man of promise. Jinks—So I hear. I understand Miss Butterly is suing him for fifty thousand.—Judge.

## Sidestepped.

Bix—Can you lend me \$5 for a month, old boy? Dix—What the deuce does a month old boy want with \$5?—Boston Transcript.

## Touching.

Rho—Your friend Jim was here this morning asking for you and told me such a touching story. He (abashedly)—For how much?—Baltimore American.

## Historical and Genealogical.

## Notes and Queries.

Issued by the Department of the State, in accordance with the following regulations: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Questions must be clearly stated. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries, always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors or to be forwarded, must be sent in plain, stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature. Direct all communications to: Mrs. E. M. T. Turner, Newport Historical Society, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1916.

### NOTES.

Reminiscences of Newport by Dr. Henry E. Turner, January, 1891. Manuscript in possession of the Newport Historical Society.—E. M. T. continued.

### NEWPORT'S FORMER FESTAL DAY.

The festive occasion which might not inappropriately be designated the Carnival of Newport, without the subsequent past implied in the name, was the day of the inauguration of the Governor and the organization of the newly elected General Assembly which occurred on the first Wednesday in May, which was and still is in popular parlance called Election Day. This was then, as it is now, a minor, the election having occurred some weeks before in the Town meetings. There were then no cities in the State, but on this occasion the votes forwarded by the Town Clerks under Seal, were counted by the newly elected House of Representatives, and the result proclaimed, as now, from the balcony or steps of the State House by Mr. Isaac Taggart, the Town Sergeant of Newport for many years as it was for many years after Mr. Taggart's decease by Mr. James Lawton, also Town Sergeant of Newport. The Senate, then being composed of ten members, elected on General ticket, and not representing any locality but the state at large, were counted in by the house of representatives. This continued until 1843, or while our fundamental law was the Colonial Charter of King Charles II, dating from 1663. Another peculiar feature of this ancient and time honored system was that a house of Representatives was elected twice a year, one house going out of power in May, the other in November, thus showing on the part of Rhode Island, a more purely democratic sentiment, and bringing the Legislature into more intimate relation with the public will than has ever been brought into popular use in any other State. It is worthy of especial notice that this system had been in practical operation for more than one hundred years before the era of Independence, and while every Colony on this continent, except Rhode Island and Connecticut, was governed as a royal province, dependent on Royal appointments for their officials and destitute of any pretence to autonomy, this state of affairs having existed in all the other Colonies, since the accession of Governor Sir Edmund Andros, during the three years of whose administration the Royal Charters of Rhode Island and Connecticut, were also in obedience.

The reason presumably for the name Election day being misapplied to the day of the inauguration was this. Originally, Newport was named in the Charter, as the place where the Free-men of the State, then Colony, were required to assemble and deposit their votes for the election of the General officers, and the election and the promulgation of the result, were expected to be concluded on that day, although, of course, the General Assembly had the power to adjourn to another day, in case of the non completion of the business, but no votes were received, except at the hands of the person enjoying the franchise, for many years. This system prevailed for a long time, but eventually, as population increased, and the plan became embarrassing and inconvenient, the Free-men were allowed to vote by proxy, sending their tickets endorsed with their names in their own handwriting, or by a cross in presence of witnesses if unable to write, by their neighbors, or any reliable party, and eventually the town organization was made the medium of sending the votes to Newport; but always, up to the abrogation of the Charter, in 1843, no vote was allowed to be counted, unless endorsed with the Free-man's name or cross, as I have described. This gave rise to the very curious practice, which prevailed, probably nowhere in the world, excepting in Rhode Island, of calling a voting ticket a "Prox," not only in popular conversation, but the nominations in conventions were thus headed as Republican Prox, Democratic Prox, and this, always without exception.

One of the most interesting facts in connection with this, our annual jubilee, was that the organization of the General Assembly took place on the lower floor of the State House, which was then not cut up into mean rooms, but was a noble hall, with an elegant row of columns, running the whole length of the building, and would, if restored, as it should be, present one of the most magnificent monuments to the taste and generosity and munificence of our forefathers, and to the genius of Peter Harrison, the designer, several of whose works remain, unsurpassed and seldom equaled in beauty and classical purity of their architecture, as the Redwood Library, Synagogue, &c.

The central part of this room was furnished with seats, as now, and the rest of the floor was vacant, and it was the place for holding town meetings, and for almost all public receptions, for which it was admirably adapted.

In speaking of Townsend's Coffee house, I have described the military pageant, which formed an essential part of the attraction of the old-fashioned Election Day. This was generally supplemented by a circus and a variety of smaller shows, and a very prominent feature was a very much larger number of booths and tipping stands, from which egg pop and blue eggs were dispensed in infinitum.

The military parade is, now a days, sometimes more attractive, by demonstrations of U. S. soldiers from Fort Adams, and the boys in the Training School, or by military companies invited from other towns, particularly after a sharply contested election. But the spirit and zest which pervaded the whole people of the State, in relation to

Election Days, is, in a great degree, faded out.

It was expected in those days that everybody in the state, who could compass it, would go to Newport at Election, and those who could not were expected to indulge a feeling of disappointment.

It is very easy to explain the comparative indifference to such an opportunity now, and also the evidence in the interest in the celebration of the Fourth of July, then Election Day, and Commencement day at Providence, were the only occasions which were celebrated by all the citizens of the State, in common, every town having its own celebration of National Independence. Singularly enough Commencement day was as much anticipated and talked of and attracted as large a concourse to Providence, as Election day to Newport. No, nobody thinks or hears of the Commencement except the pupils and alumni and their friends.

(To be continued.)

### Queries

8415. BEANE.—Will some one kindly tell me who Abigail Beane was who married Benjamin Haviland (William) of Newport, R. I., and Flushing, L. I., between the years 1680 and 1700?—V. E.

8446. COLLINS.—Would like information as to the ancestry of descendants of John A. Collins who lived in Newport, R. I., about 1840, or of Governor Collins who was governor of the Colony of Rhode Island in the days of Continental money. I would like to know where Governor Collins was born and his ancestry and descendants.—B. E.

8447. HERRINGTON. HARRINGTON.—Jonathan Harrington lived in Foster, L. I., where his daughter Dorcas married Joseph Goodspeed in 1783. He died in Halifax, Vt., 1785. He had a sister Mercy Eldridge mentioned in his will; also wife Sarah, and sons Stephen, Rufus, Matthew, Jonathan, Daniel, Eliah, Job, and daughters Sarah Jenks, Dorcas Goodspeed, Hannah and Mary Slater. Would like Jonathan's ancestors and those of his wife.—S. L.

8448. CARPENTER.—Benjamin Carpenter was born in Rehoboth in 1728. He was a magistrate in Rhode Island (probably at Scituate) in 1764. Removed to Guilford, Vt., in 1770; was lieutenant governor. His eldest son, Asaph, married Mary —. Where were they married and who were her people?—S. L.

### MIDDLETOWN.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Newport County Pomona Grange observed, on Tuesday, its 21st anniversary, meeting at Whittridgo Hall, Tiverton, in an afternoon and evening session. Worthy Master, Mrs. Helen A. Wilcox of Tiverton presided. A large number of prominent officials occupied seats of honor at the head of the hall, among them being Hon. Charles M. Gardner, High Priest of the Assembly of Demeter, the highest office of the National Grange. The afternoon session was devoted to a large amount of business. At 6 o'clock a turkey dinner was served with all "the fixings" by Joseph H. Noyes. In the evening the officers elect were installed with impressive ceremonies, Mr. Gardner performing this office with perfection of detail. He was ably assisted by Mrs. Joseph A. Peckham, who is the State Correspondent and National Flora. She had as her assistants, Mrs. Harold R. Chase, the State secretary and Miss Charlotte Manchester of Tiverton, State Flora. Following the installation, the new lecturer, Mrs. May Chase Spooner, presented a program comprising music, a history of Pomona Grange by State Master Joseph A. Peckham and a fine address by Mr. Gardner upon the formation and growth of the order which celebrates this year its golden jubilee of 50 years. At the close of the Grange there was dancing until a late hour. The affair was in charge of a special committee, Mrs. Spooner chairman, Mrs. M. Lincoln Sherman, both of Middletown, Mrs. Walter Whalen of Tiverton, Mrs. Ferdinand Amburst of Jamestown and the Worthy Master Mrs. Wilcox. The February meeting will be held at Tiverton.

The concluding event of the recent Red and Blue membership contest of the M. E. Church was the banquet held at the church Wednesday evening which was tendered the victorious Blues by the Reds. An oyster stew and its accompaniments were served to 150 people. The dining room was in charge of John P. Peckham who was assisted by the men of the church as waiters, the women assisting in the kitchen. A pleasing program of vocal and instrumental music, readings, and speeches, was given.

The engagement is announced of Miss Norma Coggeshall, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Coggeshall, to Clinton Copeland, a grandson of Harvey Copeland. The A. D. Club had planned to give Miss Coggeshall a "shower" on Monday evening, but Miss Coggeshall was unable to be present owing to an ill turn. She was expected to leave for New York the next day.

The following delegates were appointed from the Oliphant Club to attend the mid-year meeting of the R. I. State Federation of Women's Clubs to be held at Church Hill House, Providence, on January 27: The president, Mrs. Kate C. Bailey, Mrs. Harold R. Chase, and Miss Charlotte A. Chase. Alternates, Mrs. Arthur R. Anthony and Mrs. Philip Wilbur.

Rev. John R. Diman, who is at the Wesleyan Memorial Hospital, Chicago, is now suffering from Phlebitis, which often follows an operation for appendicitis, and this will delay still further his return, as he will be obliged to lie flat upon his back for several weeks. His sister, Miss Louise Diman, refused to leave him, and so has given up her trip to Colorado Springs for the present, and will remain with her sister, Miss Emily Diman. They are at Hotel Metropole.

The officers of Aquidneck Grange were installed last week by State Overseer Wheaton L. Harrington of Providence, assisted by his wife, Mrs. Harrington, and by Miss Clover L. Hambley of Tiverton, Secretary of Newport County Pomona Grange. Worthy Master John Nicholson announced the various committees for the coming year. On next Thursday, following the usual business, the Grange will close early, and open its doors to the public to hear Mr. Irving W. — of Providence, Chief Justice of the State, read of Public Affairs. This subject is a treat of the modern method of public highways. This will be his first appearance.

## TWIN BEDS!

What is your verdict? We can tell you a few things that don't come out on the stage—things about beds you'd like to know about, and we have such a tremendous stock we can show you all about beds while we are talking.

## ANY SORT

You ever thought about, you'll find here, we think. Perhaps some sorts you never dreamed of—every one a fine sample of our "Style and Goodness Furniture." Splendid time to buy. Prices are lower now than they will be a little later on. Brass as low as \$9.00 Solid Mahogany as low as \$24.75

## A. C. TITUS CO.

225-229 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

Jan'y 15, 1915. Jan'y 14, 1916. Increase

Deposits \$9,572,391.64 \$10,033,349.80 \$466,958.16

Surplus \$894,345.15 \$912,952.75 \$18,607.60

## THE SAVINGS BANK OF NEWPORT, R. I.

G. P. TAYLOR,

Treasurer.

## The Aetna Life Insurance Company

IS PAYING ANNUALLY OVER

FIFTEEN MILLION DOLLARS

TO POLICY HOLDERS

DAVID J. WHITE, Manager,

1005 Turks Head Building,

Providence, R. I.

## MACKENZIE & WINSLOW, Inc.

Successors to H. L. Marsh & Co.

Hay, Grain, Feed, Salt and Poultry Supplies.

ELEVATOR, MARSH STREET,

STORE, 162 BROADWAY

Telephone, Elevator, 1906

Store, 1905

## COUNT THE STEPS

Did you ever count the steps you take in the course of a day to and from your main telephone?

EXTENSION TELEPHONES

save most of these steps. They double the convenience of your telephone service and cost

LESS THAN TWO CENTS A DAY.

Why Not Have an Extension Telephone Now?



## Providence Telephone Co.

Contract Dept. 142 Spring Street  
Newport 6011 Newport 6011

### Election of Officers

Newport Firemen's Relief Association.

President—Andrew J. Kirwin.  
Vice President—Joseph S. Lawton.  
Secretary—J. Harry Brown.  
Treasurer—Thomas W. Wood.  
Auditing Committee—Joseph S. Lawton, William H. Graham, Thomas O. Lake.

Aquidneck National Bank.

President—Peter Kling.  
First Vice President—Charles A. Brackett.  
Second Vice President—Thomas B. Congdon.  
Cashier—Thomas R. Congdon.  
Tellers—Harry A. Corlie, George H. Drake, Mary E. Congdon, Kath S. Barker, Bookkeepers—William A. Coggeshall, John S. Coggeshall.  
Messenger—Fred E. Williams.

Newport Lodge, No. 268, International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers.

President—C. Fred White.  
Vice President—Charles F. Gifford.  
Recording Secretary—R. F. Leonard.  
Financial Secretary—George Haydock.  
Treasurer—Frank Burns.  
Press Secretary—William S. West.  
Foreman—John Kirtland.  
Inspector—George Haydock.

The fool men have a lot of faults. But bless their hearts, they don't kiss each other when they meet on the street.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### Probate Court of the City of Newport, January 20th, 1916.

Estate of Ellen Donnelly.

REQUEST in writing is made by James R. Donnelly, of said Newport, husband of Ellen Donnelly, late of said Newport, deceased intestate, that he, or some other suitable person, may be appointed Administrator of the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the seventh day of February next, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

1-21-16 DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., January 20th, 1916.

Estate of James E. Dewey.

AN INSTRUMENT in writing, purporting to be the last will and testament of James E. Dewey late of said New Shoreham, deceased, is presented for probate, and the same is read and referred to the 23d day of January, 1916, at 3 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

1-21-16 EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

"I intend to do something in this affair. I don't intend just to sit on a stool and look pretty."  
"Well, if the worst came to the worst you could sit on the stool, you know."  
—Baltimore American.

## "Meet me at Barney's."

### A Long Time Ago,

Before pianos were ever thought of, the world had to make its own music on all sorts of queer horns and instruments. Sometimes the noise made was as queer as the instrument, but it could be no worse than the shrill screeching made by a poor piano after it has been used a short time. You can't tell a good piano by the appearance. A wash of gold often covers covers worthless mechanism. You are always sure of a reliable piano at a fair price if you buy it at

## BARNEY'S Music Store.

140 Thames Street

### Rhode Island Normal School

SPRING TERM BEGINS MONDAY, JAN. 31, at 9 o'clock a. m.

ENTRANCE EXAMINATIONS WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY, Jan. 23 and 24, at 9:30 a. m.

All candidates must be graduates of approved high schools and must take entrance examination. For catalogue or other information apply to WALTER E. RANGLER, Secretary, Trustees, Box 1911, or to JOHN L. ALGER, Principal, Rhode Island Normal School, Providence, R. I.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, January 20th, 1916.

Estate of Maude Caswell Riley (now by marriage Maude Caswell Kerr).

JOHN R. CASWELL, Guardian of the estate of Maude Caswell Kerr, late of said Newport, deceased, presents his petition in writing requesting that said minor be seized and possession of certain real estate of said deceased, situate in said Newport, being all that certain parcel of land together with all the buildings and improvements thereon situate in said City of Newport, and bounded Northerly on Rhode Island Avenue, one hundred and ten (110) feet; Southerly on Key Street, one hundred and one and six tenths (101.6) feet; Southwesterly on land of Robert S. Garb, one hundred and two tenths (102.2) feet; and Northwesterly, partly on land now or formerly of the deceased of Joseph P. Cotton, deceased, and partly on land now or formerly of Caroline T. Arlington, one hundred thirty-seven and four tenths (137.4) feet; and praying that he may be authorized and empowered to join in the conveyance of said real estate by Albert Kerr, the husband of said ward, to the said guardian releasing therein the mortgage right of dower or equitable interest of said ward in said real estate, for the purpose of paying the debts of said minor for the support of said minor and for the purpose of making a better and more advantageous investment of the proceeds of a cash sale; and said petition is received and referred to the twenty-fourth day of January instant, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

1-8-16 DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., January 20th, 1916.

Estate of Elmer H. Day.

Request in writing is made by Nettie May Day, widow of said Elmer H. Day, deceased, intestate, that Darius H. Duggan of said New Shoreham, or some other suitable person, may be appointed Administrator of the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the 23d day of January, 1916, at 3 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

1-8-16 EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

### ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

New Shoreham, R. I., January 20th, 1916. THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, Administrator of the estate of ANNIE M. MOTT (his wife), late of said New Shoreham, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

1-8-16 DANIEL MOTT, Administrator.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., January 20th, 1916.

Estate of Herbert Smith.

Request in writing is made by William Earl Sharp one of the creditors of Herbert Smith late an inhabitant of said New Shoreham, deceased, intestate, that William Earl Sharp of said New Shoreham, or some other suitable person, may be appointed Administrator of the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the 23d day of January, 1916, at 3 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

1-8-16 EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

### No. 1492 REPORT

OF THE condition of the NEWPORT NATIONAL BANK, at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business December 31, 1915.

RESOURCES. DOLLARS.

Total loans \$206,577.77  
Overdrafts 374.15  
U. S. Bonds deposited to secure circulation 113,000.00  
Total U. S. Bonds 113,000.00  
Total bonds, securities, etc. 75,715.00  
Stocks other than Federal Reserve Bank stock 2,032.00

Subscription to stock of U. S. Federal Reserve Bank 10,000.00  
Less amount unpaid 5,100.00 4,900.00  
Value of banking house (if unencumbered) 14,000.00 14,000.00  
Equity in banking house 14,000.00 14,000.00  
Net amount due from Federal Reserve Bank 9,451.34

Net amount due from approved reserve agents in New York, Chicago and St. Louis 13,015.50

Net amount due from approved reserve agents in other reserve cities 13,055.00 26,765.50  
Exchanges for clearing house fractional currency, nickels and cents 211.21 211.21  
Notes of other National Banks 1,100.00 1,100.00  
Federal reserve notes 900.00 900.00  
Gold and certificates 20,420.00 20,420.00  
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer and due from U. S. Treasurer 7,500.00

Total \$285,717.44

LIABILITIES. DOLLARS.

Capital stock paid in \$100,000.00 100,000.00  
Surplus fund 50,000.00 50,000.00  
Less current expenses, interest and taxes paid 11,064.83

Circulating notes outstanding 110,000.00 110,000.00  
Dividends unpaid 775.00 775.00  
Individual deposits subject to check 775,814.78

Certificates of deposit due in less than 30 days 11,824.71 11,824.71  
Certificates of deposit due in more than 30 days 166.97

Cashier's checks outstanding 110.24

Total \$285,717.44

State of Rhode Island, County of Newport, ss: I, Henry C. Stevens, Jr., Cashier of the above named Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

H. C. STEVENS, Cashier.  
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of January, 1916.

PACKER BRAMAN, Notary Public.  
Correct—Attest: George W. Stevens, William D. Dendie, Jr., William Stevens, Directors.

## Island Savings Bank

35 WASHINGTON SQUARE.

A Semi-Annual Dividend at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum has been declared payable to the B. position on and after January 15th, 1916. GEORGE H. PROUD, Treasurer.

## CITY OF NEWPORT.

AN ORDINANCE in amendment of an ordinance entitled "An ordinance in addition to an ordinance entitled 'An ordinance granting to the Newport Horse Railroad Company permission to locate railroad tracks to be used with passenger cars in certain streets in the City of Newport' and the ordinances in amendment thereof," passed July 2, 1889.

Hold ordinance is hereby amended by adding at the beginning of Section Five the following additional rule, namely: "The City of Newport, shall be operated by not less than one Conductor and one Motorman. Said conductor and motorman of each car shall keep a vigilant watch for all teams, carriages, persons on foot, and especially children, either on the track or within the direction of the track; and on the first appearance of danger to such teams, carriages, persons on foot, or other obstruction, the car shall be stopped in the shortest time and space possible." This ordinance shall take effect upon its passage.

(Passed January 8, 1916.)  
A True copy Attest:  
F. N. FULLERTON, City Clerk.

1-8-16

### ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

New Shoreham, R. I., January 20th, 1916. THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, Administrator of the estate of FANNIE E. HOSSE, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

1-8-16 EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Administrator.

### ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

New Shoreham, R. I., January 20th, 1916. THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, Administrator of the estate of FANNIE E. HOSSE, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

1-8-16 EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Administrator.

### ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

New Shoreham, R. I., January 20th, 1916. THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, Administrator of the estate of WILLIAM H. JOHNSON, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

1-8-16 EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Administrator.

### THE T. MUMFORD SEABURY CO.

214 Thames Street.

Tel. 787

## Winter Shoes

Heavy substantial shoes for winter wear

## Rubbers,

## Rubber Boots

## and

## Arctics

All sizes for every age.

The T. Mumford Seabury Co.

214